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CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.—[Photographed by Brady.]

CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.

It is a just cause of exultation on the part of the people of the United States that the inception and completion of the oceanic telegraph are due to American genius and American enterprise. The possibility of realizing the dream of thus connecting the continents of Europe and America was first seriously discussed at the residence of Cyrus W. Field; and it is a remarkable fact that the seven gentlemen then present not only at once organized themselves into a Company to carry out the project, but also possessed within themselves most eminently every element demanded to accomplish the object.

Cyrus W. Field, who has so entirely identified himself with the enterprise that, in all future time, his name will be a synonym of this, the greatest triumph of the nineteenth century, is a perfect specimen of the American business man, and a type of those practical minds, joined with vast conceptions, that have raised our people to their present proud pinnacle of superiority among the nations of the earth. His father is the Rev. David D. Field, pastor of the Congregational Church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he still performs his sacred duties.

Cyrus is one of six brothers, each of whom is distinguished for superior natural ability and high moral worth. The name of David Dudley Field, the eldest brother, is familiar throughout the Union for his legal ability, and, as the author and originator of the "New York Code," has secured a lasting reputation, which will identify his name with the great minds of the nineteenth century. Matthew Dickenson Field and Jonathan Edwards Field are leading lawyers in their native State, and have been recipients of some of the highest honors of the Commonwealth. Stephen Johnson Field is at present one of the Supreme Judges of California. Henry Martyn Field, the youngest brother, is an eminent clergyman, and editor of the New York *Evangelist*. Cyrus West, who is the youngest brother save Henry, was born at Stockbridge, in the year 1819. Upon arriving at an age to commence business he came to New York, and made his first essay under the guidance of A. T. Stewart, the eminent merchant of Broadway. Untiring faithfulness in the discharge of all his duties was characteristic of his conduct; and only a few years elapsed before he was at the head of one of the largest houses in the Union engaged in the manufacture and sale of paper. Some four years ago—and, as we have already stated, in a social circle at Mr. Field's house—the idea of the oceanic telegraph was discussed, and Mr. Field at once became inspired with the idea of its practicability, and turned the whole energies of his active mind to bring about the result. An association was at once formed, composed of Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White, S. F. B. Morse, and David Dudley Field. As a first step Cyrus, with his brother Dudley and Chandler White, went to Newfoundland. Their reception by the authorities was cordial, and every facility was afforded them to carry out their wishes. Every incipient step was carefully taken, and it was this sagacity displayed at the outset of the enterprise that subsequently procured in its favor such confidence abroad, and commanded at last unusual sympathy.

A line of telegraph was at once constructed from St. Johns, Newfoundland, across that island, of more than three hundred miles in length; passing through a sterile wilderness, composed of morass, tangled forest, and broken rock. Then followed the submarine telegraph across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the laying of which at the time attracted so much attention, particularly from the citizens of New York. The first attempt, as it will be remembered, was a failure, and the cable was lost. Undismayed by the catastrophe, Mr. Field quietly returned from the disastrous trip, ordered a new cable, and then set to work vigorously for the recovery of the one at the bottom of the sea. Contrary to all expectation he was successful, and the Company, by his sagacity and indomitable perseverance, was secured against any material loss. A communication was now consummated with Cape Breton, connecting with the then existing lines in Nova Scotia. The Company then obtained grants and charters for lines from Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Maine, and Canada.

The preliminary labor on this continent having been thoroughly accomplished, Mr. Cyrus W. Field started for Europe. Few encouraged him in his expectations; all personally wished him well. On his last trip across the Atlantic, when leaving a number of his friends, one said, "When shall we see you again?" "Not," returned Mr. Field, "until I have laid the cable!" Such was the spirit of confidence which maintained under all the discouragements which beset his path. Failure never cooled his ardor, or lessened his abiding faith in a final triumph. In the third trial to lay the cable, it will be remembered that the cable from some unexplained cause untwisted at the stern of the *Agamemnon*, and the hearts of the most sanguine despaired. In the midst of the gloom occasioned by this disaster, the news reached us that "Mr. Cyrus W. Field is still sanguine of success." The terrible storm followed that nearly sent the noble war vessel and its valuable freight to the bottom of the sea, but when she arrived in port, Cyrus W. Field was the first to hail her commander, and the most active to have immediate preparations made to "try again." Such energy, such determination to triumph, has an inspiration about it that thrilled through the hearts of all who were engaged in the enterprise; it communicated itself to the commander, officers, and men attached to the ships engaged in the expedition, and made them all work as one man, throwing into their labors a religious fervor that partook of the sublime. When the possibility of laying the cable had ceased to be discussed, when success or discouragements were alone indulged in; when it was deemed naturally impossible to unite the continents by the electrical current; when, in fact, the subject had ceased to occupy the public mind, save as a reminiscence of the past, the joyful announcement was made that "The cable is laid!" The heart of the whole nation thrilled at the news, and there went up rejoicings to Heaven more universal, more solemnly thankful, than has ever been called forth by any human event—the mightiest triumph of the nineteenth century was accomplished—one equal to the civilization and grandeur of the age.

We conclude this brief sketch with the following from the Springfield *Republican*:

"Mr. Field is about 39 years old, and looks younger, if possible. He has a light, lithe body, all muscle and nerves, and no flesh, five feet eight inches high, and weighs perhaps 140 pounds. His features are sharp and prominent, a nose that almost exhausts his face; eyes small, sunken, gray or blue, and apparently half closed; a large forehead, and a full head of auburn hair. There is a youthful, almost boyish appearance about him, that makes him seem younger than he really is. There is little of the impressiveness of figure and manner about him that distinguish his brother Dudley of the New York bar."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 21, 1858.

THE UNITED STATES AGAIN A BORROWER.

Four times since the formation of the Confederacy have the United States come into the market to borrow money. First, for the most legitimate of all possible purposes, the conquest of Independence; next, for a very necessary purpose, the war which secured American vessels from search by foreign Powers; next, for the war which was waged with Mexico; and now, lastly, for the ordinary expenses of the Government, which the ordinary sources of revenue are inadequate to defray. There is at all events a satisfaction in reflecting that the tax which is now being imposed on the people of the United States and their posterity, in the guise of a new Government loan, is not to be the means of gratifying any greedy lust for unnecessary territory, or any ignorant prejudice against foreign nations. No future demagogue can complain that in the years 1847 and 1848 errors of judgment laid an unnecessary load on the backs of the American people. The loan was imperatively required.

Those who assail Mr. Buchanan's administration for the financial straits to which it has come sacrifice honesty to party prejudice. They know, if they know any thing, that Mr. Buchanan is innocent of the cause of the pecuniary embarrassments of the Government. There has been no material increase in the cost of the Government since he became President. Indeed, considering the constantly increasing cost of every commodity which money can purchase, the Government of the United States appears really to be the most economical and parsimonious corporation in the country, for half its servants are underpaid. If the Utah expedition—a very costly performance, undoubtedly, but nevertheless unavoidable—be excepted, Mr. Buchanan's administration may be said to have added nothing to the usual burdens of the country. The want of money which embarrasses the Government arises not from an increased expenditure, but from a diminished revenue—a matter over which the President has no more control than the Queen of Great Britain.

It was undoubtedly a mistake in the early financial chiefs of the Confederacy to derive the whole substantial revenue of the country from customs duties. Protective fallacies probably underlay the blunder: there was a time, it must be remembered, when even the clear-headed Southern Democrats thought well of protective duties. But from whatever mint the false coin sprang, of its baseness there can now be no question. The United States, which a couple of years ago were buying in their promises to pay at twenty per cent premium, are now in the market as a borrower; and this because, through unwise action on the part of the banks, merchants, and corporate institutions of various kinds, the people of the country have been forced to curtail their consumption of foreign commodities. Thus it appears that whenever Smith of Ohio, or Jones of Wisconsin, chooses to deny himself French claret, and his wife Lyons silks, or his children British penknives, the Government of the country may be brought to a dead lock for want of money.

However, the nation is generally so prosperous, and the system of government in general so satisfactory, that even those who see most clearly the radical fallacy of our present financial methods rebel but very mildly against them. The suggestion that the Government ought to meet the present deficiency in the revenue by direct taxation was eminently proper and logical; but no one took it up, and it was hardly considered worth discussion by Congress. An idea prevailed that next year, at farthest, the revenues from customs would reach their old standard, and that the Government would begin again to redeem its bills payable, so that no burden would be laid on posterity. Furthermore, people generally, being used to form superficial judgments, preferred a heavy tax which was indirect and concealed, to a light one which they could see and feel in the exactions of the tax-gatherer. They would rather pay twenty-five cents additional on the pound of coffee than contribute a dime in coin to relieve the necessities of the Government. Thus, even if every citizen or landholder could have paid his proportion of a direct tax in specie—in which shape alone the Government could receive it, no matter how scarce coin might happen to be in this or that region—many very loyal citizens would have decidedly objected to pay it; and so all, or nearly all, have gladly acquiesced in a scheme which relieved them from present exactions at the cost of future indebtedness. It is wrong, said Jonathan, quietly musing over the ten million loan, but Providence and the revival of trade will mend all.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that neither the revulsion nor the slavery quarrel has shaken the credit of the Confederacy. The loan was taken at a premium which makes it yield about 4½ per cent. interest to its holders. This is nearly as well as the European governments can do; better perhaps than any save only Great Britain. Foreigners offered a premium of 3 to 3¾; our own people took it at 4 to 5, and will undoubtedly peddle it off to these same foreigners at a comfortable advance on these rates. And our country friends ought to know that, but for the prospect that Mr. Cobb may to-morrow advertise for other ten millions, the premium would have been 8 to 10 instead of 4 to 5. This does not look as though those very timid people—the capitalists—had any lively faith in the schemes of the Secessionists.

A HINT FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

In view of the lull in the slavery excitement, and of the probable consent of Congress, next session, to the entrance of Kansas, with the Constitution she likes best, into the Confederacy, we beg to suggest to the Administration the propriety of diverting the public thoughts into a new channel.

It is not generally known in this country that every native of any one of the fifteen or twenty odd German States of Europe becomes, by the mere act of birth, liable to military duty in the army of his native State. German kings, princes, and dukes commence to have rights of property in their subjects in the cradle. Every male child belongs in part to his sovereign. So many years of that child's labor, or a compensation in money therefor, are secured to the ruler of the principality in which he saw the light, by the law of the land, which can not be changed any more than the laws of Medes or Persians. Thus far the people of the United States have no right to interfere. If the Germans should submit to a law which dedicated their children for life to the service of their little princes and grand dukes, that would be their business, not ours.

But the German, like the old English law, conveniently denies that the subject can divest himself of his allegiance. A German, leaving home a child, coming to this country, becoming naturalized, and living here as a citizen ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years, can not return to the land of his birth without being liable to arrest and condemnation to military service. No prescription, as the lawyers say, bars the claims of his prince upon him. He can not shake off the incubus; nor can time wear out the title. He may have left his home in his nurse's arms, and may return a gray-headed grandfather: the prince will be upon him with none the less merciless rigor. No lawyer can find a plea that will save him from the unerring sentence of the courts. No United States Consul can shield from forced impressment a United States citizen who has had the misfortune to be born in the realm of the Grand Duke of Baden or the King of Prussia.

We are putting no imaginary case. Several United States citizens are at this moment carrying muskets against their will in the army of the King of Prussia. Their appeals for protection have been unheeded. No step has been taken to rescue them. Had they been Irishmen, and their oppressor Great Britain, the country would have resounded with frantic appeals for vengeance, and every idle vagabond would have shrieked for leave to punish the insolent English. They are Germans—the American people don't feel any particular emotion one way or the other about Germany—and so these poor fellows are left to their fate. Probably Mr. Vroom and Mr. Murphy have done what they could.

Were Mr. Buchanan to borrow a hint from General Jackson, and insist on the surrender of these citizens of the United States, the act would create an excitement in which the nativity of the martyrs would be forgotten. People would at once realize the importance of vindicating the inviolability of the United States citizen in Germany, and Congress would sustain the President to any length. No hostilities would be needed; a mere embargo on Prussian merchandise would soon bring the Government to terms. Mr. Buchanan might, if he were so disposed, exact and obtain the surrender of these fellow-citizens of his with all military honors and any reasonable indemnity; and he may rely upon it that the act would make him as popular for the time as if he had conquered a kingdom. Remember Martin Koszta.

SCARIFICATION AFTER THE BLISTER.

Every medical man has met with cases of internal irritation and inflammation that were too acute to be wholly cured, though they might be relieved, by the primitive remedy of the blister. In such cases the conscientious physician—loving his patient too well to shrink from the infliction of necessary pain—will resort to the severer remedies of scarification, the cautery, and the moxa. We apprehend that our relations with our patient, the New York *Tribune*, have arrived at this pass. The blister we applied last week has been followed by some satisfactory results; but we can see very plainly that, in this case, the morbid symptoms are too acute, and the irritation (which appears to arise from constantly decreasing circulation) too deeply seated, to disappear without further external treatment. We therefore proceed, at present, in all tenderness, to scarify the seat of the disease, reserving the cautery and the moxa for future use, in case they should be needed.

Our readers will remember how, last week, we proved that a work on horse-taming, written by Jeremiah Bentwright and published by George Holbrook, having been sent to the *Tribune* office for review, was by the editors of that sheet ruthlessly seized, reprinted, copyrighted in the name of Horace Greeley & Co., published as original matter in the *Tribune* and in pamphlet form, and presented to the world as the *Tribune's* contribution to the literature of horse-taming. We showed that eight different sections of the *Tribune's* essay—and the only parts thereof which contained any thing new or important—were identical with the corresponding sections of Bentwright's work, even the faulty punctuation and bad grammar having been copied by the *Tribune*. To this that journal replies by admitting that

"there is a *coincidence in language* between certain passages of our publication and certain passages of Mr. Holbrook's."

This is sublime. Between two and three whole columns of the *Tribune* were filled with matter taken word for word from Mr. Bentwright, and the *Tribune* calls it a "coincidence in language." We should rather think it was a coincidence. Just such a coincidence as was discovered between the *Tribune* version of the "Virginians," which was "carefully reprinted from a London copy," and the version bought by the Harpers from Mr. Thackeray, and reprinted with catchwords in the *Magazine*. Such a coincidence as exists between two copies of the same book, or two impressions from the same die. It reminds one of the scene in the old-fashioned comedy: "John, you rascal!" says the old Baronet, "how dare you wear my coat?" "Your coat, Sir Peter! Ah!—I—um—the fact is, I've got one just like yours—in shape—a singular coincidence, Sir!" "Coincidence be hanged, you scoundrel! don't I see my papers in the pocket?"

But the *Tribune* has another excuse. It says:

"These coincidences .... grew out of the fact that we had made extracts from Mr. Rarey's little book, giving him full credit for the whole; while Mr. Holbrook's writer had put forth the same passages," etc., etc.

Assuming, for argument's sake, this very wretched excuse to be in the main true in fact, it aggravates the case. By what right did the editors of the *Tribune* copy or "make extracts" (without quotation marks) to the extent of nearly three columns of their paper, from another man's book—Rarey's or Holbrook's, it matters not which—and then copyright those extracts in their own name? What share has Mr. Rarey in the profits of the *Tribune* pamphlet? Here is a man, Rarey, who has spent his life in studying the art of horse-taming, the fruit of his labors is this book, on the sale of which he relies for his reward; but now the proprietors of the *Tribune* step in, gut the book, republish it, copyright it in their own name, and carry off the proceeds. What form of robbery is more shameful and more indecent than this?

It is not our business to find out whom the *Tribune* has robbed—whether Mr. Holbrook or Mr. Rarey. We will only remark that in denying, at this late hour, that they robbed Holbrook, and in confessing that they robbed Rarey, the proprietors of the *Tribune* seem to be forgetful of the announcement they made when they first published their horse-taming article. The following comparison is curious:

From the Weekly Tribune of July 29, 1858.	*From the New York Tribune, August 13, 1858.*
"We lay before the readers of the *Tribune* a full and deeply interesting account of the art of horse-taming. . . . . In so doing, we feel some satisfaction in the fact that the *Tribune* is the means of bringing this invaluable art to the knowledge of the public in general. . . . Our article contains the entire mystery of the art. . . . *It has been prepared for us by an intelligent and skillful professor of the art*," etc.	"There is a coincidence in language between certain passages of our publication and certain passages of Mr. Holbrook's; . . . it grew out of the fact that we made extracts from Mr. Rarey's little book," etc.

We might go on to show that the *Tribune* never did, as it says it did, "give credit to Mr. Rarey for the whole" of its publication; also to remark upon its mean fling at "speculators who might attempt to republish the article in book form," when that article itself was the most reckless and dishonest literary speculation we have ever seen. But we forbear. One word at parting.

The principal editor of the *Tribune*, to whom we presume we do no injustice in holding him responsible for the course of that journal, is now fast advancing in years. He is said to be in possession of ample means. He is much esteemed by his friends, and well known to a very large section of the people of the United States. We put it to him whether his reputation will be a gainer by despoiling men like Mr. Holbrook or Mr. Rarey. The profits on the sale of the *Tribune* pamphlet can not be very great; are they worth the shame he must now feel? are they worth the loss of respect this affair must cost him? And these little larcenies are trifling in comparison with the sacrifices of truth which they involve. See how many wretched quibbles and falsehoods this Horse-taming speculation has cost the *Tribune!* Can a few

hundred additional subscribers to the *Weekly Tribune* compensate Mr. Horace Greeley for the ruin of his character as a truth-speaking man? We protest that these remarks are suggested by the purest kindness, and that we should rejoice to see him set himself straight with the public. But how can he expect people to disbelieve the current stories with which his political opponents love to couple his name, when they see that, for a few hundred dollars, the *Tribune* takes the bread out of poor men's mouths, and humiliates itself by all kinds of prevarication to hide the fact?

A CABLE-ISTIC LAY.

BY EBENEZER SPROUT.

THE cable is safely locked
In Davy Jones's locker,
And not entirely gone to "old Nick,"
As some old Knickerbocker

Prognosticated long ago,
Before this joyful day;
But now one end's on the land of "Bulls,"
And t'other's in the *Bay.*

Then hurrah for th' Atlantic cable!
And useful may it be,
For though in *truth* it's out of *sight,*
It *lies* safe in the *sea.*

We're glad that the work is done,
We're proud of those who have done it,
Though we wonder the wire wasn't broke by the *strains*
The poets put upon it.

'Tis said that way down in the deep,
Away from the light and the air,
The mermaids have often inspected the wire,
And call it a "Shocking affair!"

But the murmurs of these maids
Will be of no avail,
For we never can b'lieve the tale of a fish,
Or a maid with a fish's tail.

What a saving of pens, ink, and paper;
And only to think how fine,
To get all the news from the other side
By dropping a single line!

NEW JERSEY, *Aug.*, 1858.

THE LOUNGER.

AUTHORS AND LECTURERS.

"LET laws and learning, art and commerce die,
But God preserve to us our old nobility."

Thus, or similarly, sings Manners, the celebrated bard of Britain.

Who is Manners?

What a question! What woeful ignorance! Let us hasten to know our Manners, and behave. His name is John—he is a lord—he is the son of the Duke of Rutland—he was the leader of "Young England," a party whose poetic existence is passed in Disraeli's novels—he has been, we believe, "Woods and Forests" in the old Derby Ministry—but Lord John Manners is chiefly famous for the distich above quoted.

Inspired by that generous sentiment, some great and good men of England concluded to correct the obliquity of the earth's axis by means of a new paper—the *Saturday Review*—of which about one hundred and fifty numbers have been issued, and which is one of the cleverest papers, and by far the most conceited, that John Bull produces for his weekly entertainment. This astute periodical has discovered many mares'-nests; but the most interesting and important treasure of that kind which it has unearthed is the fact that "*Mr. Thackeray is the great creator and support of the 'new profession'—that of what is euphemistically called lecturing, but what is really taking a man's personal appearance into the market.*"

This passage occurs in the course of an article upon the Thackeray and Yates controversy, which is one of the coarsest, meanest, and most ungentlemanly articles ever printed in an English journal. The title of the paper is "Gentlemen Authors:" its philosophy is that no gentleman who is an author would ever make capital out of gossipy, and scandalous, and caricatured sketches of fellow-authors; and then, by way, doubtless, of illustrating gentlemanly conduct in editors, says of one of the most eminent literary men of this century:

"He took into the market his 'silvery hair,' his 'bloodless and not particularly expressive face,' his 'fractured nose,' and his 'small gray whiskers.' He sold a good stare at them to thousands of curious and eager purchasers. * * * * Mr. Thackeray makes money by showing himself at a lecture, and Mr. Yates makes money by describing what is shown. * * * * We must admit that all Mr. Thackeray would have gained by refusing to be Barnumized was something infinitesimal and inappreciable; and he would have lost a sum of money which the aspect of a bloodless face and a broken nose can rarely procure. To go to market with himself, and satisfy curiosity at a scale of prices regulated according to proximity, was not to do any thing dishonorable. It was not any thing ungentlemanly, like cheating at cards or telling a lie."

Whether such writing as this, of a man like Thackeray, is considered, by the readers of the *Saturday Review*, "any thing dishonorable," "any thing ungentlemanly, like cheating at cards," is impossible to say; for what can be predicted of people who considered that poor popinjay, George the Fourth, the first gentleman in Europe, and whose laws sent a man to jail for calling him a fat Adonis of sixty? In a country where such painful and ludicrous stuff as this is put forth as reputable journalism in defense of gentlemanly conduct (which was assumed to be in danger because Mr. Thackeray, being a gentleman, had also delivered lectures), it was certainly high time that the caustic of "Vanity Fair" and "The Book of Snobs" was applied.

The English press is never tired of talking about American rudeness and coarseness, and disgusting personal and private discussion in the newspapers. But never, in the worst article of any *respectable* paper in this country of standing like that of the *Saturday Review* in England, was there such indecency as this. That such a paper should undertake to dictate the canons of gentlemanly behavior is a joke beyond Rabelais.

But if such are its instincts of delicacy, its intellectual perceptions are equally ludicrous. A lecture delivered by a gentleman of celebrity is an exposure of his person for pecuniary profit! Coleridge, Carlyle, Hazlitt, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dickens, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Roderick Murchison, Emerson, and all who have been paid for speaking in public, have concluded "to let Barnum have his Chinese dwarf;" every one of them has "gone to market with himself," has "degraded literature," and goes "about in his literary caravan." The article quotes Tennyson (whose name be always mentioned with a blessing!) as choosing the better part by publishing poems instead of reciting them.

But does not Tennyson receive money for his poems? And what is lecturing but publishing your work by your own tongue instead of types? Thackeray's "English Humorists" is one of his most delightful books. Would the *Saturday Review* have been scurrilous about him if he had sold the MS. for a thousand pounds? Why fling dirt, then, because he chose to make the thousand pounds by reading it himself, deepening by the mysterious charm of personality the just impression and effect of his own work? If a sensible man would give five shillings for Dickens's "Christmas Carol," wouldn't he willingly give ten shillings to hear Dickens read it? Had there been types in his day, would it have been "ungentlemanly" for Homer to sing his songs? Would it be "ungentlemanly" for Shakespeare to play his own "Hamlet?"

That the *Saturday Review* represents in any degree the public manners of educated and thoughtful Englishmen we are very slow to believe. But that one of the men whose names are justly dear to all who honor English literature should be so wantonly and personally insulted, is a very grievous offense to honorable men every where.

THACKERAY AND YATES.

THE names of the three most eminent English novelists have lately been thrust before the public under very disagreeable circumstances. The unfortunate domestic difficulties of Mr. Dickens and of Sir Edward Lytton have furnished delicious staple for scandal; and a quarrel of Mr. Thackeray with Mr. Yates, a London *litterateur*, has been the occasion of a good deal of bitter criticism.

The facts are simply these:

Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Yates belong to the Garrick Club, in London. They are both authors, and Mr. Yates is a contributor to a two-cent paper called *Town Talk*—a journal of social, literary, theatrical, and political gossip, established a few months since. A recent number of that paper contained a personal sketch of Thackeray, closely describing his appearance, and saying:

"No one meeting him could fail to recognize in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting; his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched; but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *suave*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion."

In the Ninth Part of "The Virginians," published in *Harper's Magazine* for August, at the beginning of the twenty-fifth chapter, Thackeray writes, after saying some things bitter-sweet:

"Women will be pleased with these remarks because they have such a taste for humor, and understand irony; and I should not be surprised if young Grubstreet, who corresponds with three penny papers, and describes the persons and conversation of gentlemen whom he meets at his 'clubs,' will say, 'I told you so! He advocates the thrashing of women! He has no nobility of soul! He has no heart!' Nor have I, my eminent young Grubstreet! any more than you have ears."

But besides this notice of the conduct of Mr. Yates, Thackeray wrote him a letter demanding an apology, which Mr. Yates declined, upon the ground that Thackeray's letter was offensive. Thackeray then brought the matter before the Garrick Club. Mr. Dickens, one of the committee, censured Thackeray; but it was finally decided to ask Mr. Yates to resign.

There may be great differences of opinion as to the treatment of such publications. It would, doubtless, have been wiser, at least more politic, for Thackeray to remain silent. But no man can well judge the conduct of another under such circumstances. Thackeray's ground probably was, that a club of gentlemen can not exist if any member is suffered to be guilty of ungentlemanly conduct and remain a member. Consequently, considering Mr. Yates's conduct merely from that point, Thackeray might justly claim his expulsion by the Club, not out of regard to himself, but as a sign of the respect which the Club owed to itself.

The defense of Mr. Yates is, that Thackeray has sinned in the same way—if sin it be—much more shamefully; that his "Book of Snobs" was so faithful a caricature of gentlemen belonging to various clubs as to be entirely recognizable, and the source of constant mortification; and, according to the latest account, Mr. Yates had refused to apologize.

Of course this opens the old, old question in literature, how far, and how much, and in what way an author may use his personal experience in writing his books. The only just and generous rule seems to be this: that no author will so individualize a character by personal defects or eccentricities as to make it necessarily and offensively recognized as the portrait of a particular person. But while this is so, of course individual traits must be described. Thus it is not fair to assume that an English statesman who is described in a novel as a gentleman who gets drunk and spends money freely, is therefore Sheridan. A satirist of course satirizes society and character as it appears to him; but it does not follow that he intended Becky Sharp as a portrait of Mrs. Toad because Mrs. Toad is a woman of the same character and principles and ambition as Becky Sharp. It is the multitude of Mrs. Toads, of various individualities, but of the same general character, which gives a certain tone to society, that stimulates the satire.

Now any reader, at this distance, easily sees that the men in the "Book of Snobs" are typical club men. The very titles of the chapters show the nature of the work: "On Clerical Snobs," "Military Snobs," "Great City Snobs," "On some respectable Snobs," "Party-giving Snobs," "Continental Snobs," "On literary Snobs." Of course individual instances furnish the basis of the generalization; but when, in the "Book of Snobs," Thackeray is personal, the disguise is so thin that you see through it, as he means you shall. "Theodore Crook," "The Right Honorable Tom Macau," "Young Ben de Minories," "Mrs. Wallop," are very transparent names. And when the author speaks of Theodore Hook, or Macaulay, or Disraeli, or Mrs. Trollope, he speaks of their public performances—of what they have challenged the public to speak upon. So, when he describes Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley—who wore japanned boots and mustaches, lisped, drawled, and left the *r's* out of his words, always flourishing about and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandana that filled the room with an odor of musk—any military gentleman of such peculiarities of manner would be an extremely foolish gentleman if he flew into a passion and bellowed "That's me! and I'll suck the villain's heart's-blood!"

So Dickens, who, it appears, censured Thackeray, has drawn in his "Bleak House" a character, Harold Skimpole, which is universally declared to be founded upon Leigh Hunt. The charge is not just; for, however pecuniarily easy and careless Leigh Hunt may be, he is not a smirking idiot like Harold Skimpole, and neither he nor his friend can be justly angry with Dickens for drawing such a character, although he may have some traits in common with the genial poet and charming essayist.

Mr. Yates's defense seems to us entirely untenable upon simpler grounds. That an author, in his observation of society, should cull certain peculiarities, and, in pursuing an evident general and literary purpose, should reproduce them in various forms, is no excuse for another man's conduct, who, being a fellow-member of a club upon the tenure of ordinary gentlemanly behavior, deliberately uses the opportunity of his association with that author to describe him personally and offensively—doing dirty work to gratify a dirty love of gossip, and to earn a dirty penny.

Of course there is a natural personal curiosity about famous people, and only those who know them—whether in a club or any where else—can describe them. But delicacy and decency easily determine the limits within which such work is possible. And they are very narrow limits indeed.

RACHEL ONCE MORE.

MADAME B—— has written a life of Madame R——, which has been translated and republished here. Every thing relating to the famous actress is interesting. The paper of personal reminiscences in the July Number of *Harper's Magazine* was very attractive. In fact the personality of every celebrated man or woman is full of charm, whether we approve or disapprove the career.

The present life of Rachel seems, upon the whole, just. It gives a detailed account of her theatrical life from the beginning—and it is fairly a question whether she had any other. She was born an actress; and the tragic tone and element pervade her whole career. There was a certain loneliness in her splendor and success which is very touching. After all, she seems to have been a kind of gladiator, fighting for life, for glory, and for gain. In Madame B.'s estimate, her most brilliant triumphs had a sordid strain. Perhaps quite half of the statue was clay.

The constant contest with the public in Paris, and her many failures, will surprise those who imagine that Rachel walked over flowers and ducats from the *café* where she first sang to the fatal night at Charleston when she played last. The story is instructive for those who suppose that genius has no struggle even after it is universally conceded. It is in vain that Napoleon has filled the world with the renown of Marengo. When he deploys at Austerlitz he puts the glory of Marengo at stake. We say it is a question whether Rachel had any other life than that of the stage. We mean, of course, any describable life. But the peculiar interest in the woman is such—the tragic tone is so evident—that the reader wonders, as he lays down this book, what thoughts, hopes, disappointments, dreams, lay beyond and beneath all that can be told.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A MODEST poet sends a specimen of song to the Lounger, to know if it be poetry. Let him read it carefully in print and consider if it be grammar.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Look up, poor wounded, tortured heart!
Too long hath grief held scope,
So filled with woe—so pierced and wrung—
Oh! hast thou room for hope?

Sorrow, and wrong, and hopelessness
Hath been thy portion long;
Full bravely hast thou borne their weight,
Will joy find thee as strong?

"VIRGINIA, *August*, 1858.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—There is quite an interesting little love affair going on in our quiet country village. Can you give a few moments to the touching recital?

"A lovely young poetess, desperately smitten with a youth who twirls an elegant mustache between his delicate thumb and forefinger, is about to pay a visit to the city. He—the youth—is as much in love with the poetess as she is with him.

"He is after the most approved style of modern Southern gentlemen, plays the guitar and sings—oh! such delightful songs—*a la mode.* (In fact, all of us girls are a little taken with him.)

"You should see the love-glances that the two lovers cast at each other when they meet—she, full of soul, looking such worlds of love into his dark eyes, and he casting back glance for glance.

"But they must part to-morrow. I fear they can not say, like Juliet,

'Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.'

"Would it not prove sad if they were to marry, and, in after years, when the love-dream shall be dashed away, quarrel, and prove—as a distinguished couple have lately done—love to be all a myth.

"Dear Mr. Lounger, do you believe in love?

"Respectfully, BELLE HERON."

—Venerable Loungers, dear Belle, who have loitered about the world, learn that there is but one treasure. What that is your "lovely young poetess" may discover before she is aware, if she marries her friend of the guitar. That they love each other seems to be no reason for supposing that they are to be unhappy. Suppose they did not, and thought of marrying?

"NEW YORK.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Can you oblige one of your lady readers by telling her where she can obtain a piece of poetry, written by Mrs. Norton some time ago, called The Soldier of the Rhine, or Bingen on the Rhine? I have looked for it in vain. Could you either publish the verses or give an answer through your Letter Box, and so oblige, Yours, respectfully, W. S. W."

—The Lounger is glad to gratify his correspondent, and his readers and himself, by republishing the very pretty poem of Mrs. Norton's, which leads a doubtful and dangerous life in the corners of newspapers.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vintage ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the fight was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun,
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
That I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage—
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild:
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty beard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
In the cottage wall at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to mourn for me, nor sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and did not fear to die!
And if a comrade seeks her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him calmly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place—my father's sword and mine—
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister, and in happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye,
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning;
Oh! Friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning—
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine!

"I heard the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seem'd to hear,
The German song we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear—
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eye was on me as we passed in friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spirit of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land lay dead;
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sands of that battle-field, with bloody corses strewn—
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"MESSRS. EDITORS,—In reading your paper several weeks ago I saw the language of ladies' names. If you know that of gentlemen's, will you be kind enough to publish it as soon as possible, and oblige

"A LADY READER."

—Will no kind friend help the Lounger to answer this letter?

PROFESSOR MORSE.

CAPTAIN HUDSON.

THE TELEGRAPH ENTERPRISE.—MORSE AND HUDSON.

WE give herewith portraits of Professor Morse and Captain Hudson — men whose names deserve to be, and will be, remembered in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph so long as it lasts. We subjoin beneath another illustration, depicting the laying of the cable in mid ocean. So unexampled a scene can not be too often portrayed. This time last year, or a little earlier, we gave a good deal of information respecting the Telegraph; the reader of this and the last Number of this paper may refer to it, and he will then find that he is acquainted with the subject thoroughly.

Professor Morse is a man of sixty-seven years of age. He was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, on 27th April, 1791, and having graduated at Yale, in 1810, went to London, England, to study painting under Allston. He returned to the United States a few years afterward, and made a living by painting. This time last year we had occasion to speak of him as follows:

Forty years ago, when he was an art student in London, a pupil of Allston, West, and Copley, he would have gladly discounted his glory in advance for the satisfaction of painting a picture like the Death of Wolfe. Thirty years ago, when he was a poor portrait-painter at Charlestown and Boston, when he traveled thro' the country villages painting portraits at fifteen dollars apiece, and not unfrequently at a loss for work, a very few dollars secured safely would have satisfied his worldly aspirations. — Twenty years ago, when he dreamed out the electric telegraph on board an ocean steamer, the realization of that magnificent dream seemed so distant that, though his genius saw it, his judgment shed a mist of doubts, and he dared not be positive in his conviction even to his own mind. And now all his brightest hopes are realized; he enjoys fame, a competency, a world-wide recognition.

Not many days since, in conversation with the writer, and in reply to a remark on the subject of the rival claims of Wheatstone and the European "discoverers" or "inventors" of the electric telegraph, Professor Morse cried, hastily, "Ah! Sir, but they are noble fellows; they behaved nobly to me, Sir; they are true men of science." He would not hear a word said in disparagement of the men who had done their utmost to rob him of his fame, and who had succeeded in robbing him of half his fortune.

The writer ventured to suggest a doubt of the feasibility of the transatlantic Telegraph; adding that "many persons believe the line can't be laid."

"Can't! Sir, can't!" replied the venerable Professor, quickly; "I have forgotten the meaning of that word. We must succeed. When Lord Clarendon said to Mr. Field, on the occasion of their last interview, 'But suppose you lose the wire, as you lost the one to Newfoundland?' Mr. Field answered, quickly, 'Then, my lord, we shall give orders directly for the manufacture of another!'—and that, Sir," continued the Professor, with energy, "is the spirit with which we go about this matter."

Professor Morse has, unfortunately, not been connected with this last expedition. He is now in Europe collecting from the governments of Europe the subsidy they have at last agreed to pay him for the use of his telegraphs. No one will rejoice more heartily at the success of the enterprise than he.

Of Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, it is hardly necessary to say any thing. No man in the navy is better known than he, though he has not figured as prominently in actual warfare as some of his fellow-captains. He stands high in the estimation of the chiefs of the service, and when the finest vessel in the navy, the *Niagara*, was put in commission, he was placed in command, with the general approval of the officers of the navy. His first service on board this ship will preserve his name from oblivion long after battles and sieges are forgotten. He has labored earnestly and effectively in the great cause in which he has been engaged, feeling as much interest in the enterprise as its promoters themselves, and giving them such aid and intelligent advice that there is something more than mere compliment in Mr. Field's remark, that the success of the telegraph is in great measure due to the labors of Captain Hudson.

The picture below needs no explanation. We have on former occasions described the vessels engaged; it only remains for us to draw attention once more to the striking character of the scene when such vessels met, in such a place, for such an object.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE MACHINERY.

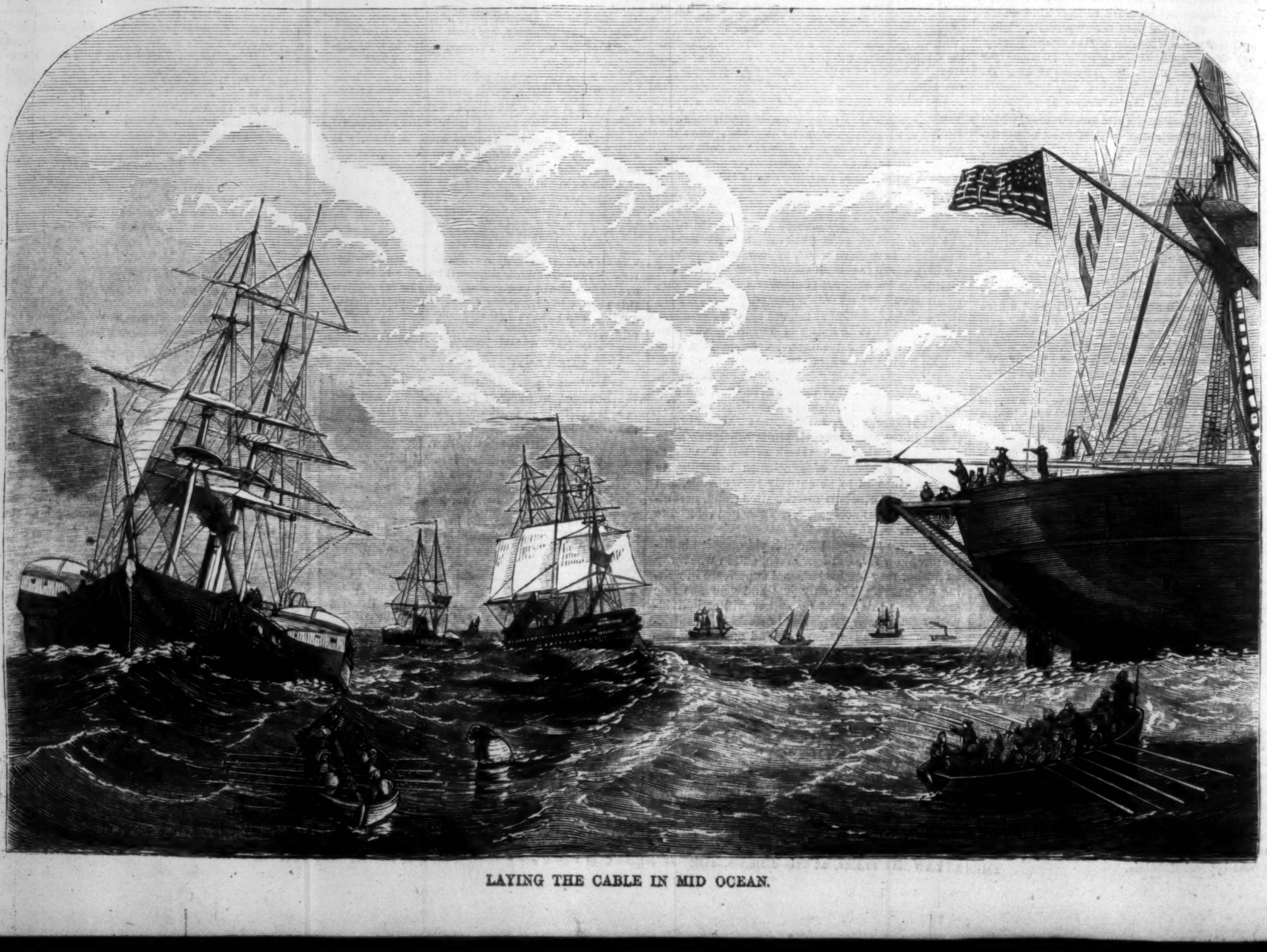
IN order that our readers may the better understand the accounts which are being published of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, we give herewith two illustrations of Mr. Everett's admirable machine for paying it out, by whose aid the entire cable was laid without accident, together with a picture of the Hughes instrument, the only telegraph battery, it is believed, which can transmit intelligence through the submerged wire.

THE PAYING-OUT MACHINE.

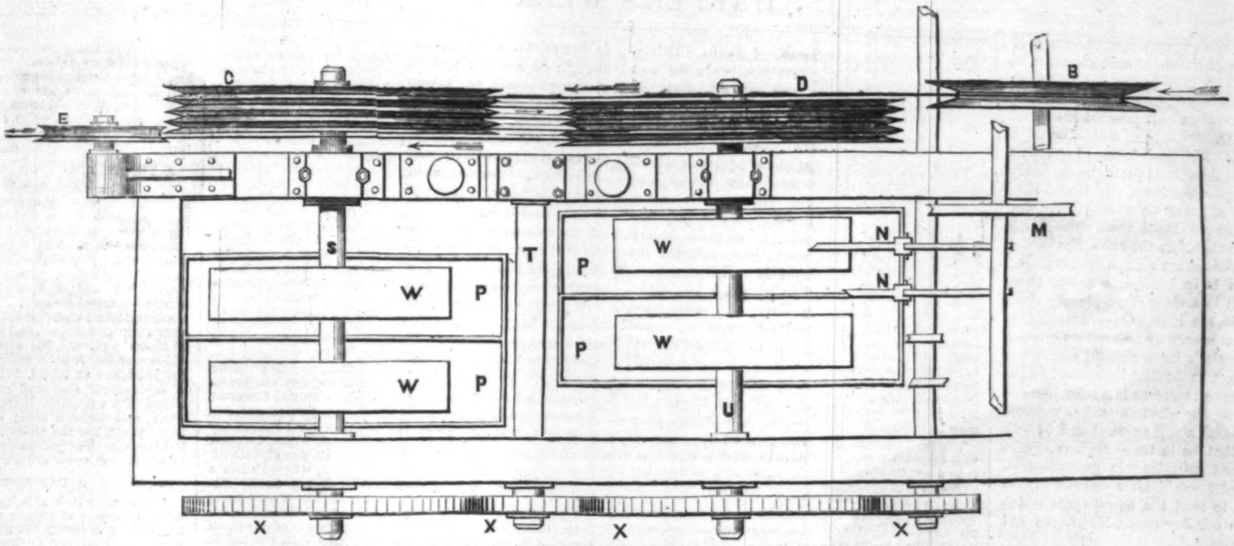
The machinery devised for laying the cable is pronounced by competent engineers to be as ingenious as it is simple. The great difficulties to be guarded against in paying out the wire—the difficulties, in fact, which defeated the enterprise last year — arose from the tendency of the cable to "kink" and then break, and from the sudden strains and jerks which the motion of the sea occasioned, working upon the hull of the vessel, and raising and depressing her alternately. Mr. Everett, the chief-engineer of the *Niagara*, who, at the request of the Telegraph Company, was detailed for duty as their engineer on this expedition, spent last winter in devising a machine which should overcome these difficulties. This machine, of which we give two drawings on the next page, may be described as follows:

The machine is placed on deck in the after-part of the vessel, and somewhat on the starboard side, to be clear of the mast, etc. The cable, as it comes up from its enormous coils in the hold, passes first through a guiding groove, A, and over a deeply grooved wheel, B, on to the drums, C, D, which are each furnished with four deep grooves, each groove being cut one-eighth of an inch deeper than the former to allow for slack. The cable, after winding round these drums, passes on from the last groove over another guiding wheel, E, to a distinct piece of machinery, also standing on the deck, and half-way between the brakes and the ship's stern. Here a grooved wheel, F, works on a sliding frame, G, furnished with weights fixed on a rod, which ends in a piston inside of a cylinder, H, full of water. This piston, being made not quite large enough to fit the cylinder, the water has room to play about it, but with difficulty. It is obvious, therefore, that, yielding freely to every alteration of pressure, it can do so to none with a jerk, as the piston must be allowed some little time to dislodge the water from one side of it to the other; it acts, in short, as a water cushion. From this last piece of machinery the cable passes over a wheel or sheave projecting well over the stern of the ship and so down into the ocean depths.

The working of the brake machinery is as follows: The engineer having fixed in his mind what amount of press-



LAYING THE CABLE IN MID OCEAN.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—PLAN OF THE PAYING-OUT MACHINE.

ure will keep the cable at the required tension, weights the slide accordingly, the weight being hung on the shaft of the grooved wheel under which the cable passes, and, in point of fact, therefore, riding on the cable itself; an index or dynamometer is placed on the side of the frame and indicates the exact amount of pressure exerted. Under this index is a wheel, I, with spoke handles like the steering-wheel of a river steamer, and from the drum of which a chain passes over a wheel, K, to another, M, on the shaft of which latter are nuts connected by rods with the handles of four powerful brakes, N N, etc., which act on drums, W W, etc., carried on the same shafts, S and U, as the grooved drums, C and D, and the toothed wheels, X X, etc., which are connected with the steam-engine. The brakes, like the sliding frame, G, are supplied with sliding weights, which may be slipped on or off at the engineer's pleasure, and with a piston working in a cylinder of water, R, and acting also as a water cushion to prevent any sudden jerk. Each brake is furnished with Appold's apparatus, O, and works in a tank of water, P P, etc. The consequence of all this is, that any man of moderate intelligence and at all used to steering, stands at the steering-wheel, I, with his eye fixed on the index, just as the helmsman's on the binnacle compass. The engineer instructs him what weight to keep to, just as the officer in charge tells the helmsman what point to steer for. As the rolling and pitching of the vessel increase or diminish the strain, the sliding frame, G, will have a tendency to rise or fall with the tightening or slackening of the cable. The man at the wheel corrects this tendency by a slight turn of the wheel one way or other, which acts instantly through the chain over the wheels, K and M, on the brakes, N N, and so through the drums, W W, etc., on the drums, C D.

A simpler or more ingenious contrivance it is difficult to conceive. The index always indicates unerringly to the man at the wheel the tension of the cable; the least turn of the wheel acts instantaneously and powerfully on the four brakes, which, however, are prevented by the water cylinders from acting with too abrupt a jerk.

This machinery, which was pronounced by some wiseacres emphatically unsuited to the duty it had to perform, seems to have worked admirably both on board the *Niagara* and on board the *Agamemnon*. From the hour of their parting in mid ocean to their respective arrivals in Ireland and Newfoundland, not the least accident occurred. The enormous vessels freighted with the cable rose and fell with the roll and swell of the sea; but the ingenious contrivance above described saved the cable from any sudden strain, and the careful handling of the mechanics employed, together with the simple but effective nature of the machinery, overcame the tendency to kink.

HUGHES'S TELEGRAPH.

It only remains to say a few words on the Hughes telegraph instrument, the invention of Mr. Hughes, of Kentucky, and the fruit of seven years' arduous labor. It is said to be the only instrument which can work profitably with the transatlantic wire. Mr. Whitehouse, the English electrician, can only, it is said, get two or three letters through the wire per minute; Mr. Hughes can transmit several words.

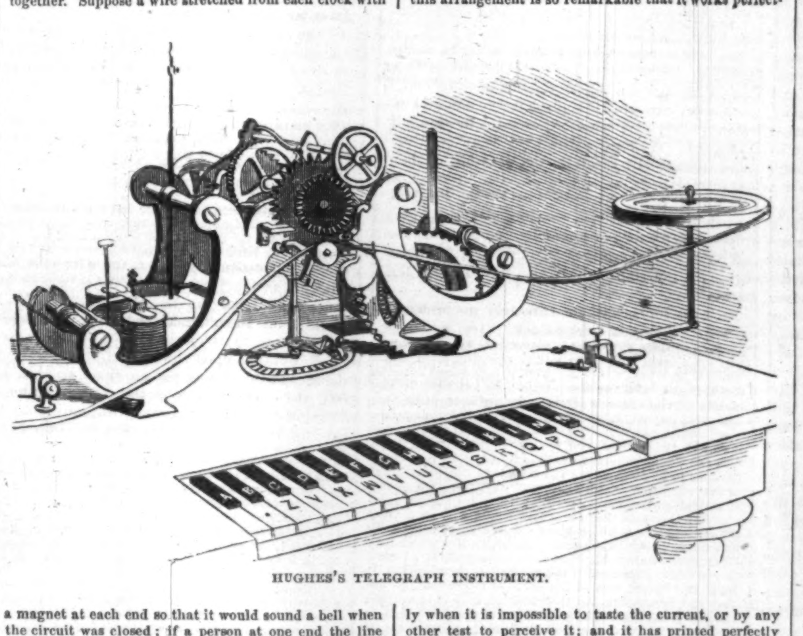
The following graphic description of the Hughes instrument appeared when it was first brought into public notice:

"The Hughes instrument consists of a train of clock-work, keys for closing the circuit, an electro magnet, and a vibrating spring to govern the type-wheel, which revolves by aid of the train of wheels. The clock-work consists of four cog-wheels, turned by a weight, which turns a shaft with a wheel, upon which are engraved the letters of the alphabet. This wheel is inked by a small roller. Below the type-wheel a small press moves the paper to be printed upon against the letters. This press moves only when the armature of the magnet acts by a current of electricity being sent along the line.

"This system is based upon division of time—the House upon the number of waves, and the Morse upon the length of break and closing of circuit—the letters in the latter depending on the number and length of the waves sent; and if the magnet at the receiving-station misses one wave a different letter is received. In the Hughes's system this is impossible, as every wave sent is of the same duration, and every wave records a letter. The particular letter depends upon the timing of the type-wheels, which are governed in their revolutions by a vibrating spring. The type-wheels being entirely independent of electrical influence, it follows that if they keep time together on a short circuit, they will also on a very long circuit, as time is the same every where, and time being divided into twenty-eight parts for the letters of the alphabet, must ever remain the same, provided that all the instruments move through the same space in the same time.

"Two clocks, keeping exact time with one another, will represent the Hughes instrument—that is, if both clocks start at one o'clock they will both arrive at twelve together. Suppose a wire stretched from each clock with a magnet at each end so that it would sound a bell when the circuit was closed; if a person at one end the line closed the circuit at the moment the clock was at twelve, it would sound at the other end at twelve also. Now suppose a type-wheel took the place of the hands, and the magnet pressed a piece of paper against the letters, it would print the same letter as was touched at one end at both stations; and as these clocks would keep time equally as well 2000 miles apart as in the same room, it follows that the writing from one to the other would be correct, no matter what the distance, provided the magnet would act as well on a long circuit as on a short one.

"The magnet of the Hughes instrument is a peculiarly simple and effective arrangement by which electricity is made to work at its highest development instead of its smallest, as in all other systems—the Hughes magnet working by the power of the holding force of electricity, the Morse by its attractive. An electro or natural magnet will sustain one hundred times more when placed in contact with the armature to be held than when having to attract the same body, or will sustain the same weight with 100th part of the battery required to attract it at the distance of one-sixteenth part of an inch; but when the armature is let loose from the magnet it would take a very strong battery to draw it back again, without it was placed there by some other force. The Hughes magnet uses these principles, and electricity only holds the armature while in contact. As soon as it is set free by the distant operator closing the circuit, it falls against a detent which brings a small cam in play and restores the armature to its resting-place in contact with the electro magnet. This operation is performed every letter that is printed, the magnet never acting until a letter is sent, and then only once to each letter: thus every electrical wave produces a letter. The sensitiveness of this arrangement is so remarkable that it works perfectly when it is impossible to taste the current, or by any other test to perceive it; and it has printed perfectly with a minute battery contained in a cherry stone, excited only by one drop of water.



HUGHES'S TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT.

"The principle of making all the instruments keep exact time with one another, so that they always present a certain letter opposite the press at the same instant, and also to revolve rapidly, has been accomplished by the union of a well-known law in acoustics to mechanics. Thus a certain number of vibrations per second produces a certain musical tone; if a spring vibrates a certain tone, it must always vibrate in equal times. If this spring in its vibrations releases a tooth of an escapement-wheel and that a letter of the type-wheel, every vibration, this type-wheel must revolve always a certain number of times a minute, and these times must ever be equal. If these two instruments have each a vibrating spring of the same tone, the two instruments must always revolve in exact time with each other.

"These type-wheels, revolving by means of clock-work, carry around with them a circuit-closer, which travels over twenty-eight pins, corresponding to the letters upon the type-wheels. If any of these pins are touched by corresponding keys the circuit is closed at the moment the closer passes that point. The armature immediately falls off, opens the detent which locks the press to the wheel-work; this moves up the press, and when the letter is printed unlocks itself until again locked by the action of the armature. It follows that if the right key is touched the letter intended must be printed. The keys are the same as in a piano-forte, and in a short time operators become so expert that they touch the keys four or five times faster than it is possible to write with a pen. The rapidity of the instrument is not equaled by the operator's ability, the faster he touches the keys the more rapid it will print. Five and six keys can be touched at the same instant, the instrument printing off every letter correctly, thus allowing operators to send words by a single movement of the hand, while in the Morse system the key has to be moved several times to each letter.

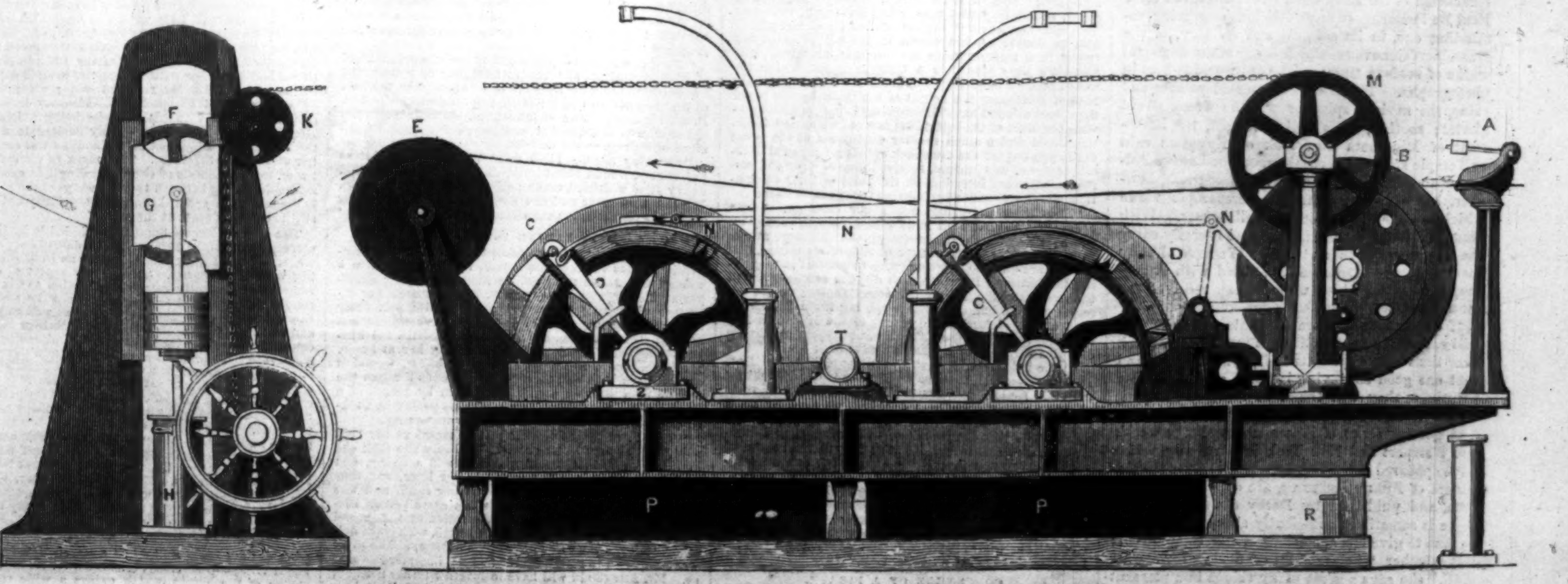
"The average speed of this instrument is about 250 letters per minute, and at this rate both ways at the same time, being an actual transmission of 500 letters per minute, or five times as fast as the Morse.

"The fact of the possibility of writing both ways simultaneously on one wire has been fully demonstrated, working as perfectly both ways as one, and both currents being actually on the same wire at the same instant of time. This is accomplished by the arrangement of the battery so that it does not affect the magnet at the office sending, but the instant that a distant office puts on battery the magnet acts; that each magnet acts only from the distant battery, and is not affected by its own writing, while it receives perfectly what is sent to it.

"The messages would always start by this instrument the moment received, as there is no necessity of waiting until the line is unoccupied, as in all other systems, the line always being ready for two to occupy it at the same time; thus the message would not only be sent very rapidly, but would lose no time at the office from which it was sent. Another great feature in this machine is the freedom of disturbance from atmospheric causes. This is caused by the line being always open except at the instant of the letter being sent; then, if in same direction, can only assist the current from the battery. It can not by its action spoil the dispatch or throw the instruments out of adjustment. This has been fully tested, working perfectly from Bangor, Maine, to New York direct, through severe thunder-storms, at the same time that the Morse and House systems had to repeat four times over the same wires and distance.

LITERARY.

The voice of the great *tragédienne* has hardly ceased from the memory of Americans, and her memoirs now come to revive the recollection of her triumphs. Rachel is the title of a book, published by Harper & Brothers, which contains all that can be said of the greatest of modern actresses. It is like a romance, only that the romance has the excitement of truth. Her life was a strange, indescribable life. The author of this book wisely refrains from the attempt to write it as a biography. She only gives those incidents in it which are of interest to the world to whom the Jewess belonged. The chief of these are too well known for us to repeat them here. The minuter incidents of her life; the growth of her fame; the pleasure with which she received her first present from royalty—a trifling bauble, which was nothing to her later magnificent gifts; the craving of her strangely-compounded mind for money, jewelry, and fame; the princes and peers who were at her feet; the relations she sustained to her own nation; the peculiar relations to her own family; the progress of her triumphs; the victories over opposition, rivalry, and enmity, which are like the victories we read of in such old romances as Ariesto and Tasso were accustomed to write—these make the book one of the most readable that could have been col-



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—ELEVATION OF BRAKE MACHINERY AND DRUMS FOR PAYING OUT THE CABLE.

lected or written. We suppose that the name of the author, Madame de B——, is well known to be wholly fictitious. The lady is one not unknown to literary fame from her former works.

Mr. Squier has completed his new work on The States of Central America, and Harper & Brothers publish it. The book is one of the most elegant issues of the American press, being finely illustrated with maps, wood-cuts, and tinted lithographs, in a style of great superiority, bringing the Central American provinces, their cities, landscapes, and inhabitants before the eye of the reader while he listens to the author's explanations.

The whole world is in ignorance about these States, and has been in a state of perplexity since Stephens reported to the Home Government that he had made diligent search and found no government there. Mr. Squier's former work, which was but the basis of this, was the first light shed on the mystery. The volume before us is a complete and succinct statement by one who knows that whereof he writes. It contains a full account and history of all the powers that be in those regions of disputed authority and questionable governments. The reader will find himself, after examining the work, in condition to read the newspapers which contain so much in our day about Nicaragua and its neighboring States.

Mr. Squier is no ordinary book-maker. He has a work to do, and he does it in a careful and masterly manner. Writing with the air of one who understands his subject, and convincing the reader of his mastery over all doubtful questions, he makes a readable book, one which is to be relied on, and one which will take its place in the library as the safest reference on Central American affairs. Probably no man lives who is so well qualified to do this work. His thorough knowledge of the subject, derived from long study in both hemispheres, as well as his residence in Central America and his official position there, have qualified him to speak with authority. The historical, geographical, and artistic value of the book are beyond praise. The information it contains is nowhere else to be found, and the book is therefore invaluable.

We have heretofore alluded to the progress of Art as illustrated in the store of Messrs. Williams & Stevens, on Broadway. We can imagine no greater pleasure to the lovers of the beautiful than an hour passed among the superb works of the pencil and the graver which are now collected and exhibited by these gentlemen. Our readers out of the city will not be offended at the information that they know but little of the advance of the illustrative arts, when we confess that we are ourselves left far behind unless we make at least a monthly visit to their folios.

Never, since Carlo Dolci painted that saintly face which looks down on the slumber of the Grand Duke of Tuscany from the wall of his bedchamber—most saintly and most womanly of all the faces of Mary painted by the old masters—never since that has there been a Madonna produced by an artist's imagination so beautiful as this by Sant; an engraving from which is now one of the chief ornaments of this store. To possess one of these prints is to own a world of beauty. The divine eyes, lifted in rapt adoration to the God who has made her most blessed among women; the expression of exultant awe, of faith, yet wonder beyond all, at her own exaltation; the holy, yet childlike beauty of her countenance; the lips half open to utter the Magnificat—all mingle the human and the heavenly most perfectly. Such a picture is a treasure in a house. Its influence is good. It calms and quiets a room. It makes the atmosphere around it seem unfit for boisterous word or rude thought. If any one think such praise enthusiastic, let him but sit down before the picture for ten minutes, and judge us then.

Rosa Bonheur's Cattle-Fair and those fine cromo-lithographs hang near, of which we have heretofore spoken. The folios swell with pictures, from which he is a strange man and she a strange woman indeed who can not select that which will prove an unending pleasure.

The splendid "Florinde" of Winterhalter has a remarkable feature, which no one can avoid noticing. The face of Florinde is that of the Empress of France, and she is surrounded by a group of ladies not altogether correctly costumed for a public appearance. It is a superb engraving, however, and a study of beauty.

There is a small but exquisite picture of the Execution of the Lady Jane Grey, engraved after Paul De la Roche—a most delicious engraving, reminding one, in its softness and delicacy, of the Dusseldorf Genoveva, which is one of the immortal works of modern times. The old world is here in photographs. This art has imported palaces and ruins, the modern splendor and the wreck of old glories; so that, for a dollar a sight, the inhabitant of Minnesota may look on Egyptian ruin or Temple stones of Jerusalem, on the Louvre Palace or a street in Vienna. The photograph, however, has given place to the stereoscopic views which are now to be found in all houses. With these in a little box one may almost literally carry the world around in his trunk. We have already mentioned the Magazine illustrated with stereoscopic views, of which we have now received the second number.

If our friends who are decorating their houses will call at Messrs. Williams & Stevens's and look over the various specimens of art, bearing in mind that one good engraving is worth a hundred poor paintings, they will thank us for thus directing their attention.

A gossipy series of letters, about all the world, and Newport and New York in particular, which have appeared in the Southern papers, over the signature of Belle Brittan, are collected in a volume, and published by Derby & Jackson. The Belle is sometimes sufficiently sharp and piercing in tone to give one suspicions of her composition; but whether "bell-metal" or made of "sterner stuff," she says a great many things in a pleasant way, and the reader will be repaid who listens to her. We might mark some passages that were better left out of such a book, but prefer to ascribe them to the inexperience of "the lady."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Queen's message has not yet come through. The following, our latest news from Trinity Bay, partially explains the delay:

"Trinity Bay, N. F., *Sunday, August 14.*

"*To the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, New York:*

"The cause of our not transmitting and receiving intelligence through is, that the instruments require a great deal of care and adjusting in getting them ready. I am doing this as fast as it is possible. You should not look upon the cable as an ordinary short telegraph line, that can be worked through directly. The cable has been successfully laid, and telegraphic signals are passed through it at our pleasure, but we have encountered many little difficulties which it requires time and many experiments to entirely overcome; but we see no reason to doubt that we shall be able, within a few days, to surmount all difficulties. I will send you the earliest intimation of the probable time when the Queen's message may be expected. De Santy."

[Note. In addition to the above, we have seen a private dispatch from a reliable gentleman at St. Johns, who is in a position to obtain the earliest and most correct unofficial intelligence concerning the cable, which states that the instruments at Trinity Bay record with a good degree of success the communications from the electricians at the Valentia office, but that owing to some as yet unexplained cause, it has been impossible to send that or any other intelligence to the operators at Valentia. This is a state of things which often occurs upon the land lines, *i. e.*, one office can receive correctly from a distant operator, and yet be unable to send a word in return; and the difficulty, sooner or later, is found to be in the battery, its connections, or the instruments, and there is no reason to doubt that the present difficulty in working the cable will, as soon as the electricians can compare notes, be entirely overcome.—*Reporter.*]

LATEST FROM UTAH.

Letters from Utah up to July 10th confirm previous advices, and describe the return of the Mormons from Provo to Salt Lake City. With their limited means of transportation, at least a month must elapse before they can get back again and be settled. Governor Cumming continues to be treated with the greatest possible consideration by the Mormons, whereas the other Gentiles are left severely alone, and are compelled to sleep out of doors in ambulances or wherever they can find a shelter.

The correspondent of the *Times* says that Brigham Young and his people are very anxious for admission to the Union, and are exerting every effort to accomplish that result.

They maintain that it is their constitutional right to be admitted, and they desire it, so that they can make a law legalizing polygamy, and placing it within the charmed circle of "States' Rights." They do not admit for a moment that Congress can impose any condition upon their admission prohibiting polygamy.

The correspondent adds: "Within a few days it is probable that their loyalty will be put to the test. Judge Eckles, who is bold and fearless in discharge of his duty, proposes to issue writs at the suit of an ex-Mormon named Wadsworth, for the arrest of certain parties at Payston, seventy miles south of this, for kidnapping Wadsworth's adopted child. Mr. Dotson, the United States marshal, is expected to serve the writ within a few days, and to take the accused (William Young and George Wadsworth) to Fort Bridger for trial. This will test the power of the law, and show us whether the threats uttered in my hearing—that any man who attempts to serve writs upon 'this people' is to be shot—are idle or otherwise."

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE MORMONS.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs: "The Peace Commissioners, Messrs. Powell and M'Culloch, arrived yesterday morning from Utah. Their representations of the present agreement between the Mormons and the Government do not vary in any material points from what has already been published. The most important consideration is the fact that peace, at all events, has been secured, and the supremacy of the laws and the authority of the Government recognized. Still the Commissioners do not hesitate to say that much remains to be done before the Mormons will be brought to that obedience which is necessary for the continuance of amicable relations. Accepting this proposition, I am credibly informed that the Government will so mature its plans to this end that their purpose must eventually be accomplished, in the face of the opposition which may be arrayed against it. The Commissioners also verify the accounts published of the conduct of the redoubtable Brigham Young toward his deluded followers. So unjust and tyrannical has this become that it is deemed necessary to repeat the instructions heretofore given to the officers of the Government in Utah to afford them all the protection in their power."

JOURNALISM AT FRAZER'S RIVER.

The editor of the Victoria *Gazette*, the new paper just established at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, draws the following amusing sketch of the establishment in which his paper is got out: "The present number of the Victoria *Gazette* is prepared for publication in a room more remarkable for extent than convenience. Its walls abound in crevices, through which the wind bears with an impartial equality the seeds of catarrh and bronchial afflictions to the editors, proprietors, and typographers. Its floor is of a shaky character, and each passer imparts a tremulousness to its surface which occasions the present writing to assume a character that Champollion, were he one of our compositors, would find it difficult to decipher. Cavities, large and small, lie in wait for individuals passing into and about the establishment, which have already resulted in serious shin-damage to the major part of its occupants. The 'editor's desk' is a bundle of printing paper, skillfully poised upon a leather trunk, vibrating with each movement of the writer's hand, and compelling him to double up his person in the act of preparing 'copy' in a manner more curious than graceful. The 'Editor's Easy Chair' is a Chinese trunk, whose top would be on a level with the desk, but for the brilliant idea of increasing the height of the latter by the paper expedient alluded to. The striking thoughts which pervade the brain of the individual favored with these facilities would find a much readier expression at the point of his pen but for the drawback of being compelled to retail copies of this journal, receive items of news and correct misdirected intruders on the point of their destination, simultaneously with inditing these conceptions.

"Two huge fire-places adorn our sanctum. These ornaments, having been built with a view to convey all the heat as well as the smoke up the chimney, are as little dangerous in the matter of risk of a conflagration as they are but slightly conducive to comfort in modifying the blasts of Boreas, which dispute occupancy with the present sojourners in the establishment we are describing. We had designed supplying these fuel-eaters with a pile of lumber belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, stored in the premises, but the printers having occupied it in lieu of a table, we have been compelled to postpone indulgence in that (to us) economical expedient. It is possible, also, that the corporation in question might entertain some objections to the proposed use of their property, which objections, although we consider them absurd in view of our necessities, we are bound to respect. The pleasant sounds of wood sawing, nail hammering, etc., add to the facilities for editorial labor of which we are now in existing enjoyment, and an occasional procession of Indians, cheers and invigorates the writer by stopping and surrounding his locality of labor, and gazing upon his deeds with the expression of intelligence common to the physiognomy of the intellectual race of which they are the representatives. Under such circumstances our readers will see that making up an interesting sheet is but a trifling task."

CONFESSION OF A PIRATE.

We find the following in the Boston *Traveler*: "Peter Williams, under sentence of death, at Auburn, Maine, with a colored man, named Abraham Cox, for the murder, at sea, of the captain, two mates and one man, of the brig *Albion Cooper*, of Portland, has made a confession, which is printed in the Lewiston Falls *Journal*. Williams represents that he was born in Ostend, Belgium, in 1830, his father being a sailor; he ran away from school, and never learned to read. He first went to sea when nine years of age, and has served on shipboard in all parts of the world ever since—at one time on a German man-of-war, and then again in the employ of the East India Company, acting as captain of the main top in one of their vessels. In July, 1857, he became acquainted with an Irishman named Thomas Fahey, and both went to Portland and shipped in the *Albion Cooper*. The brig, soon after leaving port, was found to be leaky; the second mate is stated to have treated both Williams and Cox, the negro, with great barbarity, and finally Williams stabbed him, for which he was placed in irons. Afterward the mate called him into his room, drove a nail into a beam and hung him up by the beam, the forward part of his feet just touching the floor. He was in great pain, and finally fainted. Finally Cox broached the project of a murder of the captain and crew, and supplied some knives and razors, which Williams fastened to sticks. The Irishman, Fahey, was alone taken into their confidence. They first killed Captain Humphrey, who was asleep on the deck, with two blows on the head with a hatchet. His head partially turned, but he died without a struggle. He then went behind the second mate and struck him in the head with a hatchet. His cries brought out the first mate, who was also struck in the head. He retreated to his cabin, where he had a hard struggle with his murderers, but was finally dispatched. As he came out Williams met the second mate, whom he had left for dead, and finished him with a few blows of the hatchet. The last murder was of a seaman named Burns or Davis. They put iron with the bodies and threw them overboard. Afterward they set the vessel on fire and abandoned it, and were picked up by another vessel, when Fahey disclosed the horrible tragedy in which they had been engaged. Williams and Cox will be hung on the 27th inst. Dr. J. Haynes, who has visited them, says that the phrenological organs of Williams denote that his origin and organization were gross and sensual, and his intellect of a low order, though by no means repulsive or dangerous. He has light or sandy hair, and is of the sanguine, phlegmatic temperaments, and bears a strong resemblance to the low Dutch. He somewhat resembles Heath, now in the Charlestown State Prison.

"Cox, the negro, has what negroes seldom possess—much of the nervous temperament—is quick, restless, and impulsive. His head is comparatively large, and we should think he possesses considerable intellect. His forehead is high and slightly receding, but the lateral portion of the brain is immensely large, especially in the region of combativeness, destructiveness, secretiveness, and acquisitiveness. Caution, firmness, and self-esteem are likewise large. His moral faculties are fairly developed. His peculiar cast of intellect predisposes to suspicion, jealousy, and revenge."

SWIFT PUNISHMENT OF A MURDERER.

A North Carolina paper says: "On the 26th ultimo our whole community was shocked by the receipt of intelligence that Mr. Constant Melancon, a young gentleman widely known and esteemed, had been killed by one of his negroes, at his residence in St. James, about eight miles below Donaldsonville. Mr. Melancon had discovered in the negro's cabin a portion of some things that had been stolen some nights previously from a store. His master determined to punish him, and, with that intention, took him to the sugar-house to get irons for him. Arrived there, he made the negro (a blacksmith, it seems) forge some manacles for his legs, and while stooping down to try their size he received a blow from the slave which felled him to the earth. The weapon used was a huge blacksmith's hammer. Leaving his master for dead, the scoundrel started off, but had not gone far when, chancing to look back, he saw his unfortunate victim essaying to rise. He immediately returned and finished his bloodthirsty deed; after which he cast the body into a pond, mounted his master's horse, and rode off toward the woods.

"Dogs were obtained and the murderer was hotly pursued. In his flight he abandoned the horse; but he felt the impossibility of escaping, ran to the river and threw himself in. Before the witnesses of his act came up the murderer was drowned."

LOVE, DESERTION, AND SUICIDE.

An Albany paper of 10th has the following: "Three or four years ago, a then well-known Albanian removed with his family to Central New York, and engaged himself to a manufacturing firm as traveling agent. The business ramifications of the house compelled him to visit nearly every county in the State, and being possessed of great conversational powers, and much general information, he rapidly won the friendship of all the patrons of the house he represented. Among them was a Mr. R——, a thrifty merchant, who invited him to his house.

"There he made the acquaintance of Miss R——, then a beauty of eighteen. She became greatly attached to D——, who represented himself as a single person. His visits were ultimately satisfactory after an engagement of marriage had blinded the deluded girl. Miss R—— pleaded for a fulfillment of his promises. He informed his victim that a legal objection prevented their marriage, that he had a wife and children, and that the best he could do was for her to flee to some city where he could care for her, promising not to divulge the proceedings to her parents, but to allow him to call as usual. D—— never meant to renew his calls, but a hasty summons from his victim informing him that she was *enciente* again brought him, and he persuaded her to come to this city and become her destroyer's *mistress*. D—— had induced her to leave behind a note setting forth that she had determined upon leading a life of infamy, that pursuit would be unavailing.

"The parents smothered their misery by giving out that their child had gone to the Far West. D——, with unblushing effrontery, called upon them, a month after he had *stolen* their child, ostensibly to pay his addresses to her. For the past fifteen months Miss R—— has resided here. When tired of her, D—— introduced a friend for the purpose of affording him a pretext to cast her off, but failing in this, the friend of D—— worked upon her jealousy.

"To this was added prolonged absence, a withdrawal of communication, and the withholding of money, the whole culminating on Tuesday in an attempt on the part of the poor girl to end a life that was loathsome to her. Procuring a large dose of laudanum, she took it all, but the effect was to make her seriously, dangerously ill, instead of killing, as she desired.

"Saturday night's 11.45 train West took with it as passengers, a man about forty, disguised with a wig and heavy false whiskers, accompanied by an invalid female. Whither they went we know not, but may add, that their going has placed us in possession of this 'o'er true tale.'"

WIFE-TAMING IN BOSTON.

A Boston paper tells the following story: "Mr. Fitzgerald resides in Congress Street, and is married to a woman who takes snuff and is fond of spinning street-yarn. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. F. announced her intention of visiting Mrs. Dunlap and getting her daily supply of rappee. Mr. F. issued positive injunctions against such a course, but as the wife insisted the husband adopted a novel method of keeping her at home. He got a chain, about an inch in diameter, wound it around her ankle, and then passed the ends through the handle of a flat-iron and secured them by means of a heavy padlock. Putting the key in his pocket he walked off to his work and chuckled at his originality.

"Mrs. F. considers herself just as smart as her 'old man,' and as soon as he had left the house she took one of her aprons, half a dozen towels, and a string, and managed to confine the flat-iron to her knee, and thus heavily laden, she walked out, got her snuff, and was quietly putting it into a box, when some person discovered the chain, and gave information at the second station-house, and Lieutenant Whitcomb, with great delicacy, relieved the wife of her extra burden, although he was compelled to smash the lock with a hammer in doing so. Mr. Fitzgerald will have to invent another method, and if he succeeds he can make a fortune in teaching his secret to others, *à la* Rarey."

A SAGACIOUS VERDICT.

Some boys last week having noticed a man lying on the mountain several days, ventured to the spot and found him dead, a pistol at his side, and every thing indicating that he had taken his own life. He was evidently a Spaniard or German, twenty-five years of age. An inquest was held by Squire Hahn, at which, after a full investigation, the following intelligent verdict was returned: "*Suicide, by his own hands.*"

A THREE YEARS' CHASE AFTER A SEDUCER.

We find the following item in a late number of the *Review*, published at Cleveland: "One day last week there passed down on the steamer *Michigan* a man having in irons another who had some three years since seduced his sister. The seduction was under promise to marry, and the wedding-day fixed, but the seducer ran away the day before. The brother of the injured woman started in pursuit, and caught him at Erie, but by some means the rascal escaped. The brother still kept on his track and found him again, bnt again he lost him. Month after month passed on, and the resolute brother wandered about in pursuit, but could get no trace of the object of his search. A little while ago, however, he saw a paper published at Ripon, Wisconsin, in which the name of the seducer appeared as editor. Thither he went, armed with a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, and arrested him; and now, after a pursuit of three years, has the violator of his sister's honor firmly in his grasp. The parties live in Pennsylvania, but where or what their names are we failed to learn."

A CAT NOT PROPERTY.

A "cat may look at a king," says a quaint old proverb; but a jury of twelve men have decided that a cat has a right to forfeit his life when disturbing the quiet of any neighborhood in this community. We learn from the Newark *Evening Journal* that a suit was tried in that enlightened city last week, before a justice, brought to recover $15 for losses sustained in the death of a cat, alleged to have been shot by defendant.

Counsel on both sides made eloquent addresses to the jury, the main point being whether a cat is or is not property. The jury retired about five o'clock, and came in about half past nine with a verdict of "No cause for action." The case excited great interest, and the justice's office was crowded with anxious spectators during the trial. Let this be a warning to the feline species.

NEARLY A SUICIDE.

We learn from a correspondent that the fashionable notion of suicide has found its way into the fashionable circles of at least one summer resort. At one of these, known to the pleasure-seeking world as "Deal," quite an exciting scene occurred, a few days since, tinging with something more than the wonted life those who bask in the happy, genial pleasures of this famous but quiet retreat. The house at Deal stands some four hundred and fifty yards from the sea, between which there is a walk some seven feet wide, which serves as the thoroughfare. Near the beach, to prevent the walk from being filled with sand by passing wagons, two upright pieces of timber are erected, about eight feet in height, with a cross-piece near the top. An interesting young Philadelphia lady having fallen desperately in love with a gentleman, whose attentions were monopolized by a couple of New York ladies—albeit he was a faithful and devoted attendant until their arrival—resolved to make it the last time that she should be so gayly deceived. At the hour for bathing two ladies and gents were on their way to the beach, when, horror-stricken, they beheld dangling from the cross-beam (which, since the occurrence, has been named the "Lover's Swing") the form of a lady in her bathing-dress. She was at once recognized by the party as "the lady in love." The gentlemen quickly lowered the lady by the rope by which she was suspended, and carried her to the arbor on the beach, when it was discovered that her pulse was actively beating. By the application of some water to her face, and rubbing her wrists, she speedily revived; and in less than half an hour she was seen dashing about in the surf—none more full of life and spirits than she. Since the above occurrence, which has been the current topic of conversation among the guests at Deal, it has been rumored that a gentleman from a neighboring city attempted to "shuffle off this mortal coil" at the same place; but the facts being in the possession of his immediate friends, it has been impossible to learn the cause which impelled him to the rash act.

A SAD STORY.

A melancholy story of a deceived wife is told by the Sing Sing *Chronicle*: "It will, perhaps, be recollected by most of our readers that a desperate attempt was made in February, 1857, by four or five convicts confined in the Sing Sing prison to escape by crossing the river on the ice. But one of their number, however, Thomas Sinclair, *alias* Winslow, succeeded in getting away, the others being speedily captured. Winslow has managed to keep away until last week, when information was received by the officers of the prison that a fellow answering his description was confined in the jail in Boston on suspicion of burglary. An officer was at once dispatched, and on Friday last returned with the runaway. Winslow's term will expire on the 21st of September next, but an indictment is pending against him for attempting to escape on another occasion. On this he will be tried, and probably convicted, and sentenced to a term of five years' imprisonment. We understand that since his escape Winslow has been married to a respectable young lady of Boston, who, it seems, was totally ignorant of his character at the time of her marriage, and who is now in the deepest distress."

PERSONAL.

A letter dated Bedford Springs, August 9, to the Baltimore *American*, says: "There seems to be considerable excitement among the Democratic politicians here on account of the marked friendliness displayed by the President toward those who sustain him in his Kansas views. In the dining-room there are two general tables and ten private tables, at one of the latter of which the President presides, which is occupied by his family and that of Sir William Gore Ouseley, Robert M. Magraw, Esq., of Baltimore, being the constant attendant of Miss Lane and the daughter of Senator Bright.

"There are still four vacant seats, which are only filled by invitation from the President. Mr. Carrigan, who expects to be the Anti-Lecompton Democratic candidate for Congress from one of the Philadelphia Districts, had been here with his lady for several days without being invited to the reserved seats; when Mr. Vandyke, the United States District-Attorney from Philadelphia, arrived with his lady, he being a Lecompton Democrat, they were immediately invited to a seat at the President's table, and Mrs. Vandyke was escorted to her seat by the President. This mark of distinction between two Democrats of equal standing has caused considerable feeling between the two wings of the party, and is the subject of general comment, especially as there are still two vacant seats at the table."

The case of Senator Sumner is alluded to by the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*, under date of July 26. The writer says: "I have been spending an hour this morning with Mr. Sumner. Though my report of June 23 remains of generally correct application to his present condition, some further details may now be added that can not fail to interest men of science as well as personal and political friends. His physical sufferings have been constant and rather increasing than diminishing since I last wrote. The moxa has not been administered anew, but none of the wounds on the neck and back left by the six first burnings are yet healed. These render every change of posture difficult, slow walking very painful, and the constantly irritating motion of a carriage nearly intolerable. The bed gives only a cramped, labored repose, for the nature and position of the fire-wounds are such as to forbid the poor privilege of 'tossing about' under penalty of fresh agony. This state of things has lasted now for nearly six weeks. Meanwhile, however, the burns are slowly closing over, and Dr. Brown-Sequard, who is in daily attendance, does not propose to apply the moxa again for the next two months."

It is announced that, after leaving Cherbourg, the Empress of the French will go on a pilgrimage to Auray, a small village in Brittany, celebrated for its butter, and a shrine of the Virgin, which enjoys a wide reputation. Like that of Del Pilar in Spain, its virtues are akin to

those which pagan superstition assigned to Lucina—a fact which has given rise to a report of an early addition to the imperial family.

The Detroit *Free Press* says that the injuries inflicted upon Senator Chandler by the recent gas explosion at his residence will disfigure him permanently, and in a marked manner. His face will suffer the most from the ravages of the fire—the lips, forehead, and nose bearing evident traces of it, which will remain in the form of scars. The hands are also badly burned, so much so that a large portion of the skin came off in dressing the wounds. Mr. Chandler is doing as well as can be expected, however. His little daughter will bear some scars on her forehead, and perhaps upon one of her cheeks. Her injuries are more slight than any of the other persons, however. The two men who were injured at the same time will soon recover, but will each bear the scars of the disaster through life. Their worst burns are on their faces. They are both doing well and will soon be about again.

The Lafayette *Courier* tells the following story of a desperate "lovyer" in a little town in Montgomery county: "A young man named Paxton, having received the 'mitten' from a young lady at Darlington, in Montgomery county, to whom he had been paying his 'distresses,' met her at church on last Sabbath, and drawing a revolver, snapped it three times in a vain attempt to shoot her. A gentleman came to the rescue of the lady, and Paxton leveled the revolver at him, but fortunately it again missed fire. He was immediately disarmed, and was yesterday arrested and taken to Crawfordsville, where he was lodged in jail. Strange to say, the pistol was recapped, and every barrel which had before missed fire was discharged on the spot."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT has not done much that is important since our last record. The Lords have receded from some of their amendments to the Indian Bill, and appointed a Committee of Conference. In the course of discussion on Indian affairs, Lord Stanley said it was impossible to form an estimate of the present strength of the mutineers. The total number of the Queen's force in India, or on their way out, was 78,416; but 7456 were reported sick, and 1159 were drafts on their way out. At the latest returns there were 60,000 effectives and 11,000 drafts. As to the Company's forces, they were 18,858 Europeans on the 1st of July. After a deduction for casualties, there was then a total of between 86,000 and 87,000 European troops in India. With regard to the Indian loan, £4,421,000 had been borrowed, leaving £3,500,000 still to be borrowed. There would be ample means from this source to defray the expenses for the whole of the current year. Instructions had been sent to proclaim, in her Majesty's name and authority—and the instructions sent out clearly announced the intention of the Government—not to interfere with the religion of the natives.

Both Houses are actively engaged in clearing up the business of the session, and an adjournment is expected on the 2d inst.

THE FIRST JEW IN PARLIAMENT.

In the Commons, on the 26th of July, at the morning sitting, Baron L. N. de Rothschild, introduced by Lord J. Russell and Mr. Smith, presented himself at the table to be sworn.

A copy of the new oath being offered to him, he stated to the Speaker that he had a conscientious objection to taking the oath in the form tendered to him, and he was thereupon requested to withdraw.

Lord J. Russell then moved a resolution in conformity with the act, to the effect that the Baron, a person professing the Jewish religion, was prevented from sitting and voting in the House by reason of his conscientious objection to take the oath in the form required by the act.

After some remarks by Mr. Warren, it was agreed to.

Lord J. Russell then moved a further resolution, likewise in pursuance of the act, "that any person professing the Jewish religion may, henceforth, on taking the oath prescribed in an act of the present session of Parliament, to entitle him to sit and vote in this House, omit the words, 'And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian.'"

Mr. Warren said he should take the sense of the House upon this resolution.

The House was divided, and the resolution was carried by 69 to 37.

Baron Rothschild then reappeared at the table, and having been sworn upon the Old Testament, took his seat.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CHERBOURG.

Both London and Paris journals just now are very much occupied in discussing the approaching journey of Queen Victoria to Cherbourg. But beyond the fact that her Majesty is going to Cherbourg very little indeed appears to be positively known with respect to the royal visit. We are told that her Majesty will not land at Cherbourg, but be entertained on board the flag-ship *Bretagne*. Nevertheless the people of Paris report with increasing confidence that the Queen will land; and they say that the Emperor and Empress will try to prevail on her Majesty to prolong her visit beyond the limited period named for its duration. Perhaps the truth is that the Court, oscillating between a desire to gratify its "august ally" and a wish not to offend public opinion at home, scarcely knows what to do, and will end by making the contemplated visit as brief as courtesy will permit.

DISCOVERY OF THE PRETENDER'S HOARD.

The London *Court Journal* has the following: "A most extraordinary discovery, which, for obvious reasons, is sought to be kept a profound secret, has taken place in an old ruined house at Iriel. An immense chest full of gold and silver coins of English stamp has been found concealed in one of the cellars, where it had been carefully walled up. From the papers and documents contained likewise in the chest, it has become evident that the house was once inhabited by Bolingbroke, who must have lain concealed here during the period wherein his whereabouts has always remained a puzzle to biographers and historians. In one of his letters he mentions that 'his retreat is convenient to the Seine,' and the house in question is found to possess a subterranean passage leading down to the water's edge. The money is evidently the result of the subscription raised by the party of the Pretender, for want of which the latter was prevented from striking a decisive blow."

FEARFUL PREDICAMENT.

One day lately, while four little boys were diverting themselves by leaping in and out of an old corn-chest that stood in the stable of a farm in the Carse of Gowrie, the whole of them got into it at one time, and drew down the lid, which, being furnished in the common way for a padlock, the holder caught the staple, and made them prisoners at once, beyond the possibility of extricating themselves. Fortunately, however, the horses had to be suppered; but the plowman whose duty it was to do so had performed this task, and was leaving for the night, when he thought he heard some movement in the chest. Aware there was no corn in it, he was convinced he was deceived; but, curiosity prompting him, he lifted the lid, and found the now missed and anxiously sought for prisoners still alive, but quite unconscious, or unable to make the least effort for their deliverance. Had a movement on the part of one of them not drawn the attention of the plowman at the last moment, the whole four would doubtless have been dead before morning.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AT PLOMBIERES.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "The life the Emperor is leading at Plombières is in strong contrast with that of the Tuileries. Plombières is but a small village, situated in a valley so narrow that it has but one street. This street, since his Majesty's residence there, is decorated with flags, and every Sunday evening the citizens illuminate their houses for two hours. The Emperor lodges in the house of the Prefect, which is given up to his use, with a house adjoining; and he has, besides, a cottage in the environs, to which he walks in the day time, and where he stops for refreshment. The Imperial park is but a ten-acre lot, a piece of swamp bought three years ago by the Emperor, drained and planted with trees and flowers. In this park the Emperor is now laying out, under his own engineering and supervision, a lake and river. He spends hours sometimes with the workmen, directing their labors. The Emperor rises early, takes his bath, and then writes or reads. Between eight and nine o'clock arrives M. Mocquard, his famous secretary, with an enormous portfolio under his arm, with work for his Majesty. They work together until all the business of the day is finished and ready to be sent off to the Ministers at Paris, and then, if there is time before the twelve o'clock breakfast, his Majesty takes a walk in the park, while M. Mocquard dispatches the courier. His Majesty never allows business to accumulate on his hands, and in this he is well seconded by his secretary. The confidence of Napoleon in M. Mocquard is so great that he leaves much of his minor business to his discretion, and he never allows any measure to issue to the public that has not first passed under the scrutinizing eye of his intelligent secretary. M. Mocquard's influence with the Emperor is said to be beyond that of any of his Ministers. Fortunately, he is a man of superior ability and judgment, and is thus enabled to render his Majesty valuable assistance.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

"Yet with all his impassibility of character, and with the calm which reigns in appearance around his daily life at Plombières, the Emperor can and dare never forget that he is surrounded wherever he goes by an unknown band of men, who mysteriously make part of and creep through every crowd he encounters, charged with the protection of his person, and what is worse, that this band is necessary to the protection of his life. Another infernal plot to take his life has just been discovered at St. Etienne, and thirty or forty arrestations made. A foundery of fulminating bombs, of the model of those of Orsini's, was found, and several finished bombs were seized. According to the Lyons journal, the whole population is in a state of fermentation, and it is supposed that the plot was an extended one."

THE EMPEROR'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

The *Moniteur* of the 28th states that the Emperor Napoleon left Plombières at half past six on Tuesday morning, and arrived at the palace of St. Cloud about seven in the evening. In his passage the people, who assembled in crowds along the line, cheered him with the greatest enthusiasm; triumphal arches were raised at many points of the road, and his Majesty stopped at several places and examined the various magnificent works which were to be found at them. "This journey of the Emperor," concludes the *Moniteur*, "amidst his faithful subjects of the east, gave rise to some very touching scenes. Among the most striking episodes there was one which will remain engraved on the memory of all who witnessed it—it was the emotion felt by all present when at the Longueville station the Mayor of Provins presented to the Emperor two officers who had belonged to the army of Egypt, the sole remains of those immortal bands who at the close of the last century supported the glory of the arms of the French from the mouths of the Nile to the pyramids of Egypt."

RUMORS OF MORE HEIRS TO THE THRONE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Whispers have been passing about as to the Empress being again in an interesting situation, but there has been no public confirmation of the fact, nor am I much disposed to credit it. Her Majesty has never fairly recovered the shock which her whole system sustained in her first and last accouchement, and those immediately about her person do not seem to think it at all probable that she will furnish any more heirs to the throne of France; but all predictions on such matters, as in politics, are essentially unsafe."

RECEPTION OF THE HEROINE OF DJIDDA.

A Paris letter says: "Mademoiselle Eveillard, the heroic daughter of the murdered Consul at Djidda, has arrived at Paris, and is, for the moment, the lioness of the town. She is a girl of nineteen, tall, with dark hair and eyes, an expression of decision of character, and decidedly handsome. One of the wounds which she bears is a sabre cut which extends from the ear to the corner of the mouth, and is not yet healed. M. Emerat, the Chancellor of the Consulate, a young man of twenty-five, arrived at the same time, and bears several wounds not yet healed. Mademoiselle Eveillard has brought her maid, who assisted in the defense of the house against the barbarians, and M. Emerat has brought his servant man, a native Arabian, who also fought bravely. M. Emerat says that after a long resistance in the several approaches to the upper part of the house, where the Consul and his wife had already been killed, unknown to him, and after having killed three or four of the enemy himself, he was finally overcome, and but for Mademoiselle Eveillard would have been killed.

"Mademoiselle Eveillard was called to the Palace of St. Cloud to-day to see the Empress, who intends to offer her a place in her household. The Sultan of Turkey has already awarded her a large life pension, and the Empress will add sufficient to give her an income, perhaps, of three or four thousand dollars a year. M. Emerat has been named Chevalier in the Legion of Honor, and, it is expected, will return to Djidda in a man-of-war as Consul."

MORE CAPITAL FOR THE EMPRESS.

A short time since a young peasant girl, in the neighborhood of Quintin, who had just finished her education at a rural school, upon her return to her home found her family in great distress in consequence of her brother, the sole support of his parents, having been compelled to become a soldier. The young girl having heard, when at school, a great deal said of the kindness of the Empress, determined to write to her Majesty, explaining the situation in which she and her parents were left in consequence of the absence of her brother. This letter—the unassisted composition of the young girl—was, with the address "*A Madame l'Imperatrice, à Paris*," confided to the post. The young girl said not a word of what she had done to any one. She regarded it as a secret between herself and her Majesty; and she was not surprised (although every one else in the village was amazed) to hear from the postman that he had a letter, sealed with the imperial arms, addressed to the young maiden. This letter was written by her Majesty's secretary, and assured the little peasant girl that the wrong done to her family should be speedily repaired. The letter was followed in a few days by the return of the girl's brother to his native village. The young soldier and his sister are about to erect an altar of turf, and to decorate it with flowers, and at that altar both, accompanied by the maidens and young men of their village, will offer up their prayers for the health, long life, and happiness of the Empress as she passes on her way from St. Brienc to Dinan.

M. DE PENE ALL RIGHT AGAIN.

M. de Pène, the writer in *Figaro*, is, to the astonishment of all his friends, after a wound that would have sent ninety-nine men out of a hundred to their graves, walking about Paris. His health is still delicate, but all immediate danger seems to have passed away. It is the general opinion that both the liver and diaphragm were pierced. The only material inconvenience he suffers is a difficulty of making a long respiration. It is not generally known that M. de Pène was the author of a *sobriquet* given in *Figaro* to the St. Helena medal, and which also gave great offense to the military. He called it the "*Contremarque du Père-Lachaise.*" It is customary at French theatres, as at all others, to give to parties leaving the theatre, and desiring to return, a "*contremarque*," which secures their readmission; and as each recipient of the St. Helena medal must be at least sixty years of age—that is, the very youngest of them—and therefore well-nigh to that "bourne from which no traveler returns," M. Pène termed it the "*Contremarque* of the great Paris cemetery," indicative of the holder's speedy return to the dust from which he sprang. The gloomy color of the badge, its *triste*-looking ribbon, and the tottering form it too frequently adorned, gave a truth to the witticism which foreign rather than native journals were not slow to avail themselves of. In England particularly, where a secret consciousness existed that whatever specious reasons might be put forward, the St. Helena souvenir could have but one object, M. de Pène's *sobriquet* was eagerly caught at, and *Figaro* very speedily received a hint to be careful how it thus played with edged tools. The fact of M. de Pène being known as the author might possibly have much to do with the cold sympathy his subsequent mishap met with in high places.

HOW TO TAME SEA-FISH.

A Paris correspondent says: "Reality is after all more interesting than fiction, as is proved by the great attention a paper of 'pisaculture,' communicated by M. Coste to the Academy of Sciences, has received. This gentleman has formed an observatory off the coast of Finistere, by which he has been enabled to make a study of the habits of various sea-fish. By means of an ingenious apparatus formed of wire, he separates the fish, and has them under control without their consciousness. Some species, such as the mullet, the stickle-back, etc., grow perfectly tame, will follow the hand that offers them food, and even allow themselves to be taken out of the water. The gaby and bull-head are less familiar; the turbot, which looks so unintelligent, will nevertheless take food from the hand; it changes color when irritated, the spots with which it is covered growing pale or dark according to the emotions excited in him. It swallows fish of a much larger size than would appear compatible with the apparent smallness of its mouth. Thus a young turbot, not more than ten inches in length, has been seen to swallow pilchards of the largest size. The pipe fish has two curious peculiarities. These fish form groups, intwining their tails together, and remaining immovable in a vertical position, with their heads upward. When food is offered them, says M. Coste, they turn round on their backs to receive it. This is owing to the peculiar position of the mouth, which is placed under a kind of beak, and perpendicular to its axis. The crustaceous tribes have also furnished much matter of observation. The prawn and crab, for instance, may be quoted as exercising the virtue of conjugal fidelity to the highest degree; for the male takes hold of his mate and never lets her go; he swims with her, crawls about with her, and if she be forcibly taken away from him, he seizes hold of her again. The metamorphoses to which various crustaceans are subject have also been studied with much attention, and can not but form a valuable addition to our knowledge of natural history."

TURNING THE TABLES ON A ROBBER.

A corn factor was returning a few days ago from Montlery, on the Orleans road, when suddenly a man, holding a large stick in his hand, stepped out from behind a tree, and demanded his money or his life. "Why, you seem somewhat peremptory," was the reply, "but here is my answer," and he drew out a revolver. Then, presenting the weapon at the man, he said, "If you do not obey my injunctions in every respect, I will fire. It is an unpleasant thing to kill a man, but with respect to you I should not have the slightest hesitation. First of all throw down your stick; and next, turn out your pockets, and place there on the road every thing of value you have about you—money, jewels, no matter what." "I can not resist a demand so strongly supported," said the other; "but if you do business on the highway also, I must say that it is very irregular to rob a confrère." "Come, make haste," said the other, in a menacing tone. "It is a punishment I inflict on you; I want to give your money to the poor. Dispatch!" The foot-pad made no further delay, but laid his stick and portemonnaie at the feet of the factor, and then took to flight across the field. The contents of the portemonnaie, one hundred and three francs and ninety-five centimes, were duly deposited in the poor-box of his parish church by the dealer.

GERMANY.

A DIAMOND WORTH TWO MILLIONS.

Several of the German journals have lately spoken of the discovery of a diamond of extraordinary size and value. A letter from Vienna, in the *Journal de Francfort*, gives the following account of the affair: "The owner is an old Portuguese major, who found it in a collection of minerals forming part of the property of a governor of India who died in Europe. He is now at Laybach with a French chemist, who at first valued the stone at 139 millions of francs, but now says that it is not a pure diamond. It is of the size of a small hen's egg; very clear and limpid, but without all the brilliancy of the diamond. The price, however, is no longer 139 millions of francs, but three millions of florins. The manner in which this diamond got to Laybach is as follows: A foreigner residing near that town, happening to be in Paris, became acquainted with the owner of it, and on his return home induced a merchant of Laybach to advance a sum of 4000 francs to enable the owner of the stone to come with it to Vienna. The money was sent, and in a short time he arrived at Laybach, accompanied by a chemist and an agent. The stone was greatly admired, and steps were being taken to find a purchaser, when one day the owner and his two companions thought fit to leave the place, they afterward asserted, for the residence of the person who had first spoken to the merchant; but, as suspicion was excited, they were arrested on a charge of wanting to make off without having paid what they owed. They were forthwith taken to Vienna, and are still in confinement at the suit of the merchant."

ITALY.

THE NEW IMPROVISATRICE.

An Italian correspondent says: "The popular favorite just now is the improvisatrice Gianni Milli, a blooming maid of some twenty summers, and the Sappho of the Academy. A niece of the late Francesco Gianni, who improvised entire tragedies with marvelous fluency, and was pensioned by Napoleon, she is, besides being learned in the ancient and modern tongues, confessedly the most successful of the living declaimers in extemporary verse; and this dance of the poets yields only in popular attraction to the poetry of the dance. The selectest circles crowd her 'Academies,' and jealous cities contend for her favor. That Florence may gain nothing by the hospitality which has made her its ornament, Sienna holds out to her the golden crown. During a recent visit she even divided the suffrages of Vienna with the queen of the ballet. But her habitual presence here, in the midst of these rivalries, betrays a preference for the city of Dante, where her public appearances are veritable ovations.

"On these occasions subjects are proposed in writing by the audience and lodged in an urn, when the number agreed upon, usually half a dozen or more, are drawn by lot before her appearance. When she enters, the music, which fills the intervals of recitation, ceases; the theme is presented in the midst of the general salutations, and then, after a moment's pause, her charming voice runs into an easy flow, like an endless river, without obstruction—never weary, rarely hurried."

TURKEY.

MORE PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS.

A letter from Szisset, on the frontiers of Bosnia, to Paris, gives further particulars of the insurrection among the Christians against the Turks. After the male population had left their wives and children in safety on the Austrian territory, they marched against the Bashi-Bazouks under the command of a Servian named Jaracsei. The latter, who has 4000 men under his orders, armed with swords and pikes, attacked the Bashi-Bazouks of 1400 men encamped on the heights of Dibamka. The Turks were defeated and fled, leaving a quantity of arms and ammunition behind them. At present the Turkish regulars are marching against the insurgents.

INDEMNITY TO CHRISTIAN SUFFERERS.

A Paris letter in the *Nord* of Brussels, says: "Intelligence has been received here that the Sultan has accorded from his privy purse an annual pension of 12,000 francs to Mademoiselle Eveillard, half of which, on her death, is to go to the other children of the consul at Djidda. The Sultan has also placed at the disposition of the French embassador at Constantinople, a sum of 250,000 francs, to be distributed to the French families who suffered most in the recent events in that town. These donations of the Sultan are independent of the reparation which will be awarded officially."

BEHEADING A DEAD CHRISTIAN.

At Erzeroum, in Armenia, no rain having fallen this summer, the Turkish clergy could devise no better expedient to propitiate the heavens than the infliction of capital punishment on a Giaour or Christian; and, being merciful in their management, had the dead body of an unbeliever disinterred and decapitated. This proceeding has actually caused a greater sensation in Asia Minor than the everyday occurrence of ordinary beheading; and, added to the tumult of all around Lebanon, and the general outbreak of Ottoman fanaticism in the East, the state of affairs is truly alarming.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The Bombay mail of July 3 reached Suez on the 23d. The recapture of Gwalior is confirmed. The rebels lost twenty-seven guns, besides elephants and treasure to a large amount. The fugitives from Gwalior are said to be hemmed in on all sides by British troops. On the 13th, Sir Hope Grant gained a brilliant victory at Newa Gunge, near Lucknow, capturing a large number of guns and driving the enemy across the Cogra. The celebrated Moulvie, for whom £5000 had been offered, was killed. Oude continues much disturbed. The Governor-General, on receiving Lord Ellenborough's dispatch, issued a proclamation giving an amnesty to all but murderers. The results are not yet known. The details of Sir Hope Grant's victory near Lucknow state that the rebels were nearly 20,000 strong, and their loss was six hundred men and six guns. The British had six killed and thirty wounded. The fight lasted three hours, and the rebels were utterly routed. A good effect was anticipated. The Azinghur and Gheseport districts were much disturbed by the rebels, who plundered the town and burned the forests. The Gorruckpore and Allahabad districts had been quieted. In the Agra division Sir H. Rose's activity had restored confidence and tranquillity. A rebel Rajah had surrendered in Rohilcund, where the rebels were also being put down.

DREADFUL STRAITS OF THE BRITISH.

The Calcutta *Englishman* has the following observations on the general condition of affairs in India:

"We therefore can not hesitate any longer to impress upon the attention of our readers at home our present position, which will be best understood when we state that while the British hold every fortress and place of importance throughout the disaffected provinces, the country itself may be said to be in possession of the rebels. Delhi, Agra, Jhansi, Bareily, Shajehanpore, Calpee, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Allahabad are protected by European troops, but our authority scarcely extends beyond the reach of our guns, and the intervening districts are overrun by rebels and budmashes, who move about as they please, marking their course by plunder and destruction of property, and setting at defiance every attempt to restore order and tranquillity. Indigo factories, public and private bungalows, and railway dépôts have been burned, and we are thankful that these deeds have not been accompanied by the murder of Europeans, though, doubtless, not for want of inclination on the part of the rebels, but want of opportunities. It will be seen that our troops have again been engaged on several occasions with the enemy, and although in each instance perfectly successful, yet the majority of the rebels have as usual managed to escape. This, however, can hardly be wondered at, for, in the absence of adequate cavalry, and with the dreadful heat of the season, pursuit of the fugitives would have been useless, and in all probability only added to the frightful mortality of our brave men who fall daily victims to the sun. We are not overstating the fact by mentioning that sun stroke and heat apoplexy are regularly decimating the several corps engaged in the suppression of the rebellion—an apprehension which we have frequently expressed and which unhappily is fully realized.

CHINA.

CAPTURE OF THE PEI-HO FORTS.

We have further details of this important operation. A British officer who was engaged says: "At 7 A.M. Captain Hall, of the *Calcutta*, pulled in and desired the forts to surrender, telling them if the flags were hauled down by 9 A.M. the forts would be taken possession of peacefully; if the flags were not hauled down, firing would commence and the forts be captured by force. Nine o'clock came, but with no sign of surrender, and another hour was given them. The two admirals were on board the gun-boat *Slaney*, with the English and French pennants flying. The *Cormorant*, which was the leading ship of the attack, had been lying close up to forts on the right bank of the river, and the people of the forts had been observed training their guns on her. At 10 A.M. the flag of battle was hoisted by all the gun-boats and steamers along the line, with the exception of the *Cormorant*, which run up the French flag, almost at the same moment running her anchor up to her bows, and getting under weigh. On her deck were only to be seen three solitary individuals—the captain, Saumarez, the master conning the ship, and the steersman, the men lying down at their quarters. She gradually edged over toward the forts on the right bank, running past them in beautiful style, fired upon as she passed each fort without returning a gun. During her passage she got hulled ten times; but, owing to closing so much on the forts, their shot for the most part passed over her without doing damage. After passing them she ran over to the left shore, and, running into the mud with her broadside to the forts on that side, commenced the action. She was followed by two French gun-boats and the *Nimrod*, which latter vessel came to the assistance of her comrade. The different gun-boats took up their stations, and as they fell into them opened fire with precision. After about an hour's cannonading, to which the Chinese reply was quick but ineffective, the *Slaney*, with the Admirals on board, ran straight up through the fleet, towing the attacking columns under Sir F. Nicholson of the *Pique*, and *Opossum* towing another party under Captain Hall. The French supplied an attacking party for the forts on the right bank. The boats pushed off, and the men were soon on shore. Then followed the usual scene—the Chinese bolted, and the French attack being made very quick, a mine was sprung which caused them considerable loss. The forts on the left bank were taken by the British without much loss, although mines were also exploded on their advance, by the bursting of one of which the carpenter of the *Calcutta* and two seamen were killed. In about an hour and forty minutes we were in possession of all the forts at the mouth of the river.

LOSS OF THE ASSAILANTS.

"We are happy to say the loss on our side was very slight, only one officer, the master of the *Opossum*, being severely wounded by a shot in the side and thigh. We have no exact or reliable particulars of the loss on the British side, but do not hear that it exceeds twenty-five killed and wounded. Our allies, we are sorry to say, owing to the explosion of a mine, suffered more severely—fifteen men, it is said, being killed, and forty men wounded; some of the latter dreadfully burned and torn by the explosion. Among the killed are four lieutenants. One, the first of the *Fusee*, was cut in two by a shot; another had his cap knocked off by a shot, on which he exclaimed, 'I am lucky to-day!' but immediately fell down dead, without the mark of any wound on his person.

HOW THE CHINESE FOUGHT.

"The Chinese stuck to their guns manfully, and there were the usual acts of self-sacrifice. One blue-button mandarin was found by the French in the fort which they had captured, dead beside a gun, having cut his throat; and in the assault on the highest fort of thirty-one guns a mandarin jumped out and charged the party single handed. The officers did all they could to prevent him being killed, but one of the men on the flanks, at some distance, shot him through the neck and killed him, to the regret of those near, who admired his brave action. About ninety-eight guns were captured, sixty-eight of which were brass or composition metal. Some were eight-inch guns, but we believe they had none of the usual appliances of sights. The loss of the Chinese is supposed to have been very heavy, as the firing was very accurate, the shells bursting with great precision in the embrasures. The Chinese fired grape, and even attempted shells, but, as their fuse was only a piece of common slow match, the shell generally burst close to the gun."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

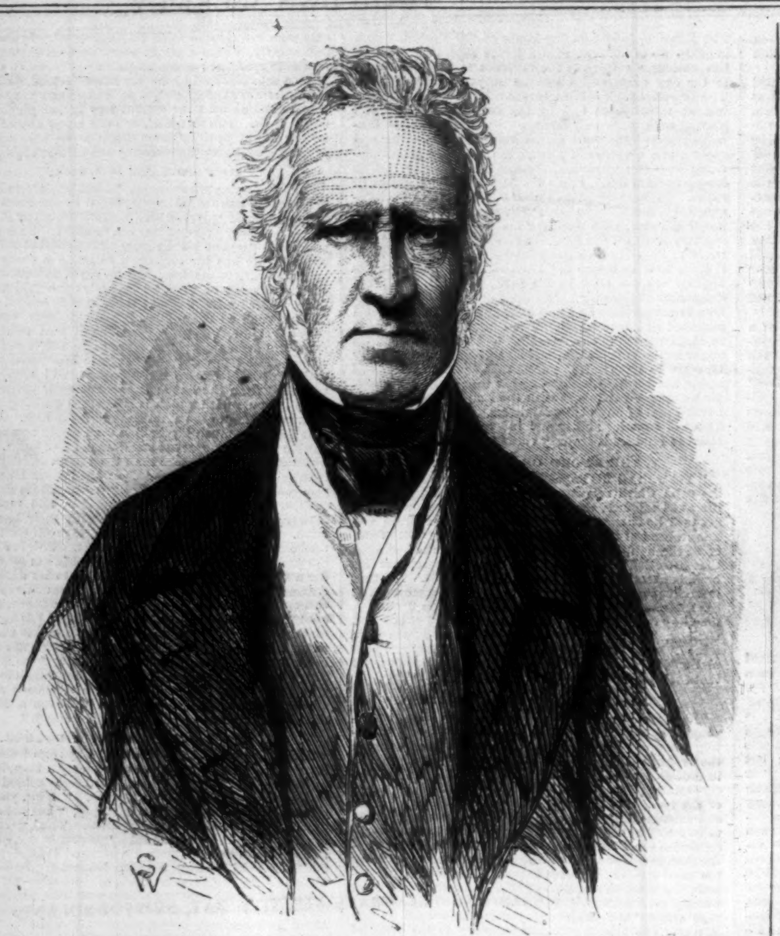
THE success of the Atlantic Telegraph is still the event of the day, and we devote a large portion of our space to its illustration. We gave this time last year several graphic pictures of the enterprise, wire, vessels, etc. In pursuing the subject, we give on the first page of this paper a fine portrait of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, to whom, more than to any other man, the world owes the immense benefit it is about to enjoy, and who deserves a statue in every great city in Europe and America. On these pages we give a portrait of the Governor of Newfoundland, an illustration of the reception of the *Niagara* at St. Johns, Newfoundland, and reliable views of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, and Valentia Bay, Ireland, the termini of the Transatlantic line.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Sir Alexander Bannerman is a Scotchman by birth, of a very ancient family, their surname being one of the earliest which was assumed in Scotland. He is heir-presumptive to a baronetcy conferred on an ancestor of his by Charles the Second, in 1682. His cousin, the ninth baronet, now holds the title. Sir Alexander was born in Aberdeen in 1789.

Having in early life adopted the liberal and popular side of politics, in local as well as public affairs, his fellow-townsmen, when the franchise was conferred on them, chose him to represent them in the House of Commons, which he continued to do for four successive Parliaments, where he supported, and had the satisfaction to see, numerous important measures triumphantly carried which, before the passing of the Reform Bill, had been withheld from the people. During his parliamentary career he enjoyed the friendship of many of the leading statesmen of the day; and during various changes of administration lived on intimate terms with several of his able political opponents. For a short period he held the appointment of Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, previous to which he was offered the government of Demerara, and subsequently Barbadoes, both of which he declined. After the passing of the repeal of the corn-laws, a measure which he strenuously supported, he retired from Parliament, to the great regret of his constituents, who soon afterward presented him with an elegant and valuable service of plate, in token of their regard for him and estimation of his public services. On Sir Alexander retiring from Parliament he passed much of his time at Brechin Castle, in Forfarshire, the residence of his old and attached friend, the late Lord Panmure.

The government of the Island of Prince Edward falling vacant about the latter end of the yea 1851, on the death of Sir Donald Campbell, th then Colonial Minister, Earl Grey, on Lord Pan mure's suggestion, offered Sir Alexander the gov ernment of that colony, at the same time warning him that difficulties would beset his path on questions both agrarian and political, which for some time had been sources of great discontent in that island. Sir Alexander, however, accepted the offer, on condition that he should have the power, according to the best of his judgment, on the one hand to uphold the law, on the other to redress the just grievances of the colonists; and he was accordingly vested by the Colonial Minister with the fullest authority that a governor could ask. He left England early in the year 1852, and crossed the dangerous Strait of Northumberland in the ice-boat—the only conveyance to the island in winter, and a route which was never before, and perhaps never will again, be taken by its governor. It is well known that some years before he crossed the Atlantic, what is termed "Responsible Government" had been conceded to some of the British North American Provinces. The inhabitants of Prince Edward Island eagerly desiring the same system, it was introduced into the island by Sir Alexander, and succeeded admirably during his administration.



SIR ALEXANDER BANNERMAN, GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

It was during his administration that the Fishery Question arose, which terminated in the Reciprocity Treaty between Great Britain and the United States. In this he took a great interest, representing to the British Government the danger which might arise from a collision with the fishermen of both nations from their frequent disputes, each party construing the then existing treaty, which was expressed in ambiguous terms, as it suited their interests.

In the year 1853 a small naval force was sent from England to cruise on the coasts of the North American provinces. The United States Government adopted a similar course. The frigate *Princeton* and sloop-of-war *Fulton* lay at anchor at Charlottetown for some time, the Commodore during his stay acquiring information for his Government, and living on terms of intimacy and friendship with the Lieutenant-Governor. The latter had been corresponding upon the Fishery Question with the late lamented Daniel Webster, Sir Henry Bulwer, Mr. Crampton, etc., and he had the satisfaction to see most of his views carried into effect. A copy of the proposed treaty was sent to him early in the year 1854, and, soon after, the question was amicably settled, to the mutual satisfaction of both nations.

He left Prince Edward Island on the 10th of June, remained in the United States for several months, and arrived at New Providence on the 12th October, where he assumed the government of the Bahamas in the beautiful town of Nassau, and continued to administer it for upward of two years, receiving, before his departure, unanimous addresses from the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, complimenting him on the uninterrupted harmony which had existed in the colony, among all parties, during his administration.

He left Nassau on the 10th of May, on his route to Newfoundland, *via* the United States, where he arrived on the 8th of June. He may have difficulties to encounter in that important colony; but it is to be hoped that the administration of his government may prove as successful there as it was in Prince Edward Island and the Bahamas.

On this side of the Atlantic he has always shown kindness and hospitality to citizens of the United States when he had an opportunity of doing so. No one will rejoice more than the Governor of Newfoundland at seeing Great Britain and the United States now so closely united with each other by the successful accomplishment of the great enterprise which is now the absorbing topic of conversation.

THE RECEPTION AT ST. JOHNS.

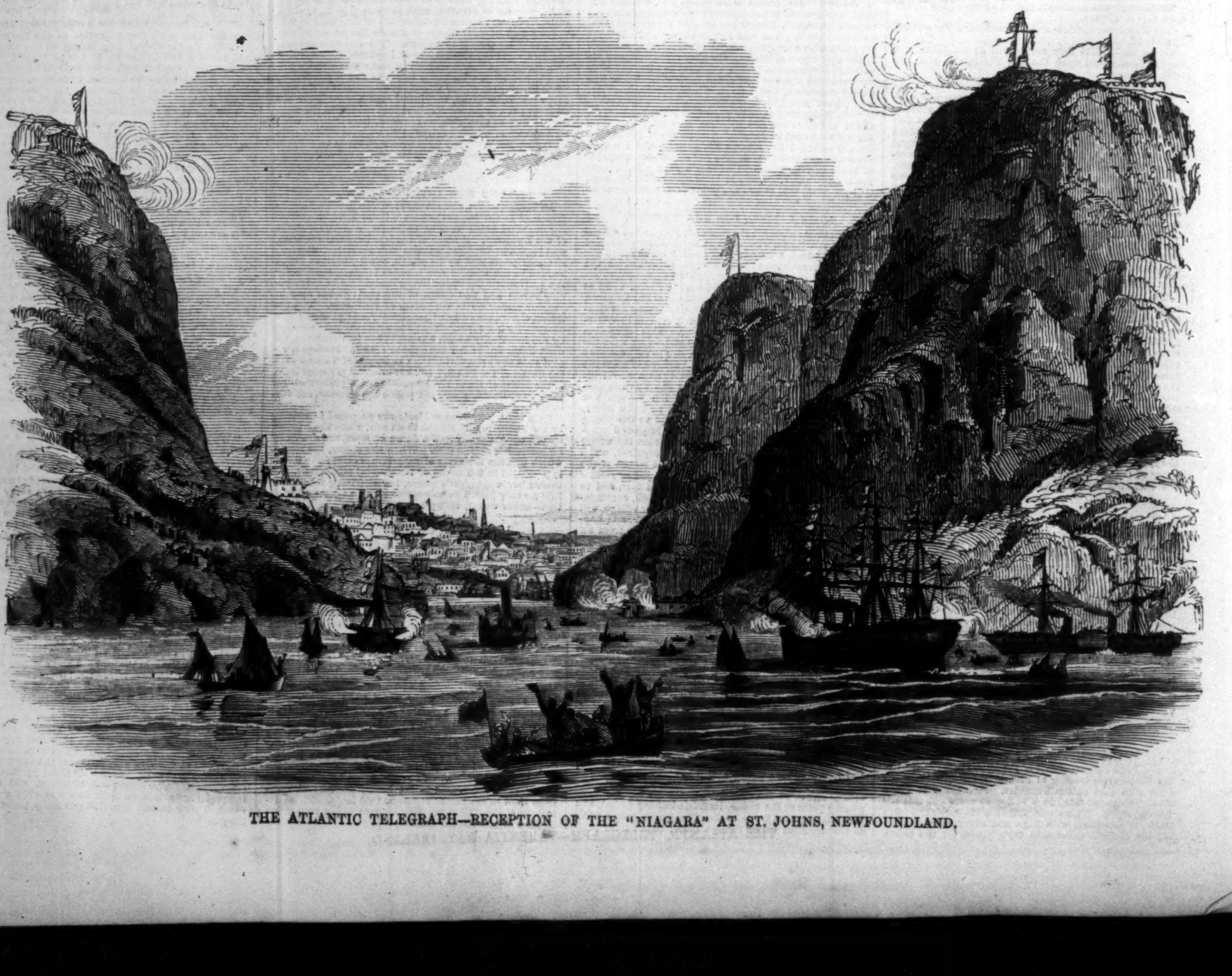
The reception of the Telegraph fleet at St. Johns, of which we give below an illustration, was of course enthusiastic in the highest degree. The shipping came out to meet the *Niagara*, and, in the language of the telegraphic reporter, "every thing wore the appearance of a gala day."

On the morning of 10th, at 11 A.M., the Legislative Council presented an address to Mr. Field. In the course of his reply Mr. Field said:

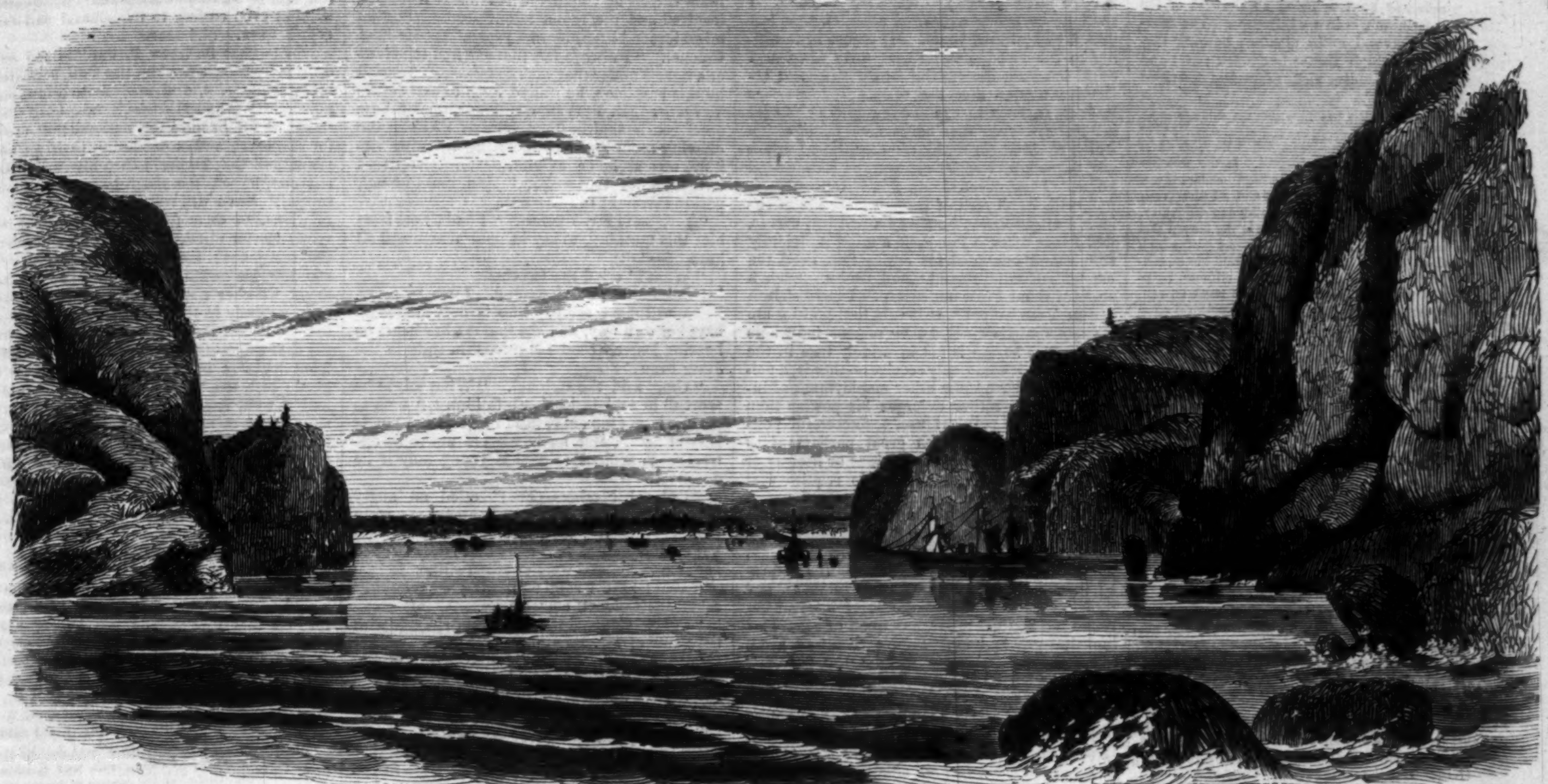
"The exclusive privileges conferred by the colony on the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, made her the subject of severe criticism; and it is, therefore, with satisfaction I observe the approving terms in which you refer to them. Every enlightened country recognizes a right of property in those who organize a work where science, or skill, or capital has been invested. This protection is necessary to draw out the efforts of men in new works of public utility—for who would sow if he could not reap?—and while the individual has his reward, society is the gainer by his labor. In the exclusive privileges you have conferred on the Company I represent, the principle of copyright only is involved; and I think there can now be no doubt that your policy has conduced to the interests of the colony."

In the afternoon the Chamber of Commerce presented an address, in the course of his reply to which Mr. Field observed:

"It would not only be ungenerous but unjust that I should for a moment forget the services of those who were my co-operators in this enterprise, and without whom any labor of mine would have been unavailing. It would be difficult to enumerate the many gentlemen whose scientific acquirements and skill and energy have been devoted to the advancement of the work, and who have so nobly produced the issue which has called forth the expression of your good wishes in my behalf. But I could not do justice to my own feelings if I failed to acknowledge how much is owing to Captain Hudson and the officers of the *Niagara*, whose hearts were in the work and whose toil was unceasing; to Captain Dayman, of her Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, for the soundings so accurate-



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—RECEPTION OF THE "NIAGARA" AT ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ly made by him, and for the able manner in which he led the great circle arc while laying the cable; to Captain Otter, of the *Porcupine*, for the survey made by him in Trinity Bay, and for the able manner in which he piloted the *Niagara* into Trinity Bay, at night, to her anchorage; to Mr. Everett, who has for months devoted his whole time to designing and perfecting the beautiful machinery which has so successfully payed out the cable from the ships—machinery so perfect in every respect that it was not for one moment stopped on board the *Niagara* until she reached her destination in Trinity Bay; to Mr. Woodhouse, who superintended the coiling of the cable, and so zealously and ably co-operated with his brother engineers during the process of paying out; to the electricians, for their constant watchfulness; to the men, for their almost ceaseless labor; and I feel confident that you will have a good report from the commander, engineers, electricians, and others on board the *Agamemnon* and *Valorous*, the Irish portion of the fleet; to the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, for the time they have devoted to the undertaking without receiving any compensation for their services—and it must be a pleasure to many to know that the director who has devoted more time than others was for many years a resident of this place, and well known to all of you—I mean Mr. Brooking, of London; to Mr. C. M. Lampson, a native of New England, but who has for the last twenty-five years resided in London, who appreciated the great importance of this enterprise to both countries by giving it his most valuable services, and bringing his sound judgment and great business talents to the service of the Company; to that distinguished American, Mr. George Peabody, and his partner, Mr. Morgan, who not only assisted it most liberally with their means, but to whom I could always go with confidence for advice."

At nine in the evening (we quote from the telegraphic report) the celebration ball commenced, at which were present the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, Cyrus W. Field, the Chief Justice, and all the other Judges of the Superior Court, Captain Hudson and officers of the *Niagara*, Captain Dayman and officers of the *Gorgon*, Mr. Whitehouse, etc., and the leading members of society of St. Johns. After the evening had been passed in the most pleasant and delightful manner, the assembled company adjourned at twelve o'clock for supper, which was got up in the most perfect taste. Walter Grieve, Esq., President of the Chamber of Commerce, was called on to preside, when the following toasts were given:

The Queen—The best-beloved and most popular sovereign that ever sat on the British throne—one who reigns in the hearts and affections, as well as over the persons, of her subjects—May God long preserve her reign over a free and happy people!

The President of the United States—Chosen by the voice of the people, he has shown himself worthy the high honor of presiding over the destinies of a free and enlightened nation. [This toast was coupled with the Queen's.]

The Governor and Lieutenant, and Captain Hudson and the officers of the squadron, and other gentlemen engaged in the expedition. [This toast stated that the combined skill of Captain Hudson and those associated with him had overcome all the difficulties that had previously been supposed insurmountable, and they had accomplished the greatest wonder in the world—the union of the Old and New World by the electric cable.]

This was appropriately responded to by Captain Hudson.

The honorable Colonial Secretary then proposed, and the honorable President of the Council seconded, the health of Cyrus W. Field, Esq., whose name had become a household word in this country.

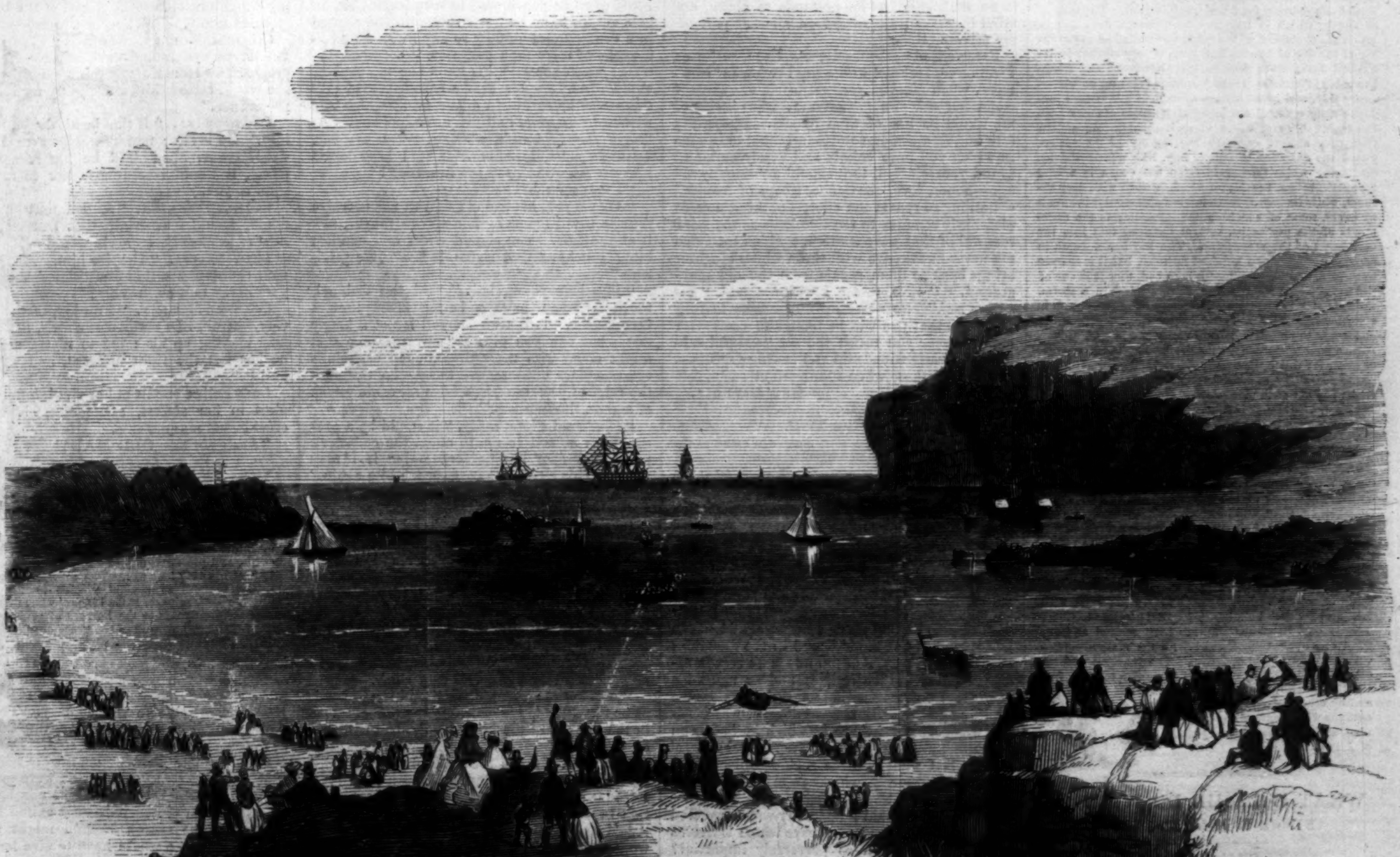
Mr. Field replied, saying that he should never forget the pleasure of this day. It was a season of anxiety to him during the six and a half days the *Niagara* was accomplishing her mission. Great praise was due Captain Hudson, his officers and men, for their zeal in working day and night over the eleven hundred and fifty miles of the ocean they had to cross. The successful accomplishment, however, of the greatest event of any age, amply compensated all who had become a partner in its achievement, for the toil, anxiety, and care they had experienced. Mr. Field continued in a strain of eloquence and power that went to every heart.

Other toasts were then given and properly responded to.

Dancing was then resumed and kept up with great spirit till three o'clock in the morning, when the party broke up—all on the best terms with the world and each other.

TRINITY BAY.

The two landing-places of the cable are destined to more celebrity than has ever been their share in times past. The cove in Trinity Bay, Newfound-



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—VALENTIA BAY, IRELAND.

land, which has been selected as the site of the American terminus, is in a wilderness. The nearest house is several miles distant; nothing surrounds the Telegraph House but bleak rocks and barren forests. A recent visitor has thus described the spot:

"The approach to the bay in which the cable is to be laid is exceedingly picturesque, and possesses all that wildness and grandeur of scenery which distinguish nearly the whole coast of Newfoundland. If the weather should prove clear, the peaks of the high headlands can be seen some thirty miles from land, and a nearer view shows a country of peculiarly mountainous character. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the barren and rocky nature of the land; but there are some parts which are particularly susceptible of cultivation, and where, considering the inhospitable character of the climate, farming has been successfully carried on. It must be confessed, however, that the prospects for agricultural operations are not of the most encouraging kind, and that cod-fishing is, as it must always prove, the most lucrative occupation. Between those bleak, wild mountain ranges there are some beautiful little valleys, through which run streams of the purest sparkling water. Indeed, there is an inexhaustible supply of this common but valuable and necessary article, both in the numerous lakes, rivers, and rivulets with which the whole island abounds, and which come gushing out of every rock in the summer time, or are frozen up in icy stillness and death during the long and cheerless winter.

"The entrance to Trinity Bay is about thirty miles wide, and on either side rise the bold headlands of Baccalo and Horse Chops—the latter of which is about five hundred and the former seven hundred feet in height. The shore of the bay is marked by indentations and smaller bays, and inlets have been worn into its rocky boundaries by the restless action of the sea, which breaks here with resistless fury. Large caves, running far into the mountain barriers, have been hollowed out by the same agency, and the deep seams that scar the front of the rocks show that time has also left its mark upon them.

* * * * *

"By looking at the map of Newfoundland it will be seen that Trinity and Placentia bays are separated by a narrow neck of land about four miles in breadth. Now this spot has been selected, not only on account of the sandy character of the beach, but for another reason no less forcible. It is intended hereafter to lay a submarine cable from Placentia Bay to the best point either in Nova Scotia or near Portland, Maine, and the brief distance, therefore, between the two bays, will tend greatly to facilitate this design. A subterranean line, four miles long, will be all sufficient to connect the two cables, the one extending to Ireland, and through Ireland to England, Europe, and Asia; and the other to the United States and the whole of North America. At present the connection will be formed with the land line running from St. Johns, the capital city, to Cape Ray, the most extreme southwestern point on the island, where the cable which spans the Gulf was laid in the month of July, 1856. The great advantage of the proposed submarine line extending from Placentia Bay to Nova Scotia or Portland will consist in its being free from those accidents to which all land lines are liable, and to which that in Newfoundland is more particularly exposed on account of the severity of the climate and the wild and uncultivated state of the country.

At the head of the Bay of Bull's Arm, about half a mile from high-water line, the Telegraph House will be erected. This will be a spacious frame building, containing, in addition to the office or operator's department, a sitting-room, a kitchen, eight bedrooms, and all the other *et ceteras* of a well-appointed household.

VALENTIA BAY.

The special correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene:

"The other terminus of the line is in Valentia Bay, which is perhaps the most available point on the whole southern coast of Ireland, both on account of its being the nearest to Newfoundland, and on account of its particular adaptability for a telegraph station. The county of Kerry, which is indented by Valentia Bay, and in which the shore-end of the cable was landed on the evening of the 6th of August last year, is very similar in its natural features to that part of Newfoundland where the cable is landed. Huge mountains rise up on almost every side, and great masses of rock, in a thousand fantastic shapes, stand out in solitary isolation miles from the land. Two of these, of such gigantic dimensions that they almost approach the dignity of mountains, guard the entrance of Dingle Bay, like weather-beaten sentinels; while further in from the ocean is a long mountain range, the face of which is worn with deep fissures, while its base is hollowed out at irregular intervals by caves, some of which extend, according to the statements of the peasantry, several hundred feet into the very heart of the mountains. The bay has a depth in some places of over a hundred fathoms, but it is so open to the sea, and the anchorage is so bad, that it is one of the worst places which a vessel could select in a storm. Valentia Bay is more protected, and although not safe in a storm, affords much better anchorage. The land, for miles into the interior, is very rocky and barren, and affords a poor pasturage for the diminutive but hardy race of cattle for which the county Kerry is famous. The huts of the peasantry which dot the hill-sides show too plainly the poverty of the lower classes of the people, and how miserably their labor is rewarded. The ruins of churches, which were built by pious Christians as long ago as the fourth or fifth century, are strikingly in accordance with the impoverished appearance of the land and of the people. The Island of Valentia suffered fearfully during the famine in Ireland, and hundreds died of starvation on the roadside or in the miserable dwellings, some of which still remain, and in which their bodies were found many weeks after their death, unburied, and in a horrible state of emaciation. The small land cove in which the bay terminates was decided upon last year as the place for the landing of the cable, and has not been changed since. It is, in fact, the very best spot that could be selected. About four hundred yards from the beach a telegraph building, somewhat similar to that at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, has been erected and supplied with every thing necessary for the business and accommodation of the operators. The junction with the cable will be formed by a land line running to Cork, from Cork to Dublin, thence across the Channel to England, and by other connections with the great net-work of telegraphs which extends over the whole continent of Europe, and which has already embraced within it portions of Asia and Africa."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Man's Letter—unsatisfactory and provoking as a man's letters always are.

Guy Darrell to Colonel Morley.

FAWLEY MANOR-HOUSE, *August* 19, 18—.

I HAVE decided, my dear Alban. I did not take three days to do so, though the third day may be just over ere you learn my decision. I shall never marry again. I abandon that last dream of declining years. My object in returning to the London world was to try whether I could not find, among the fairest and most attractive women that the world produces—at least to an English eye—some one who could inspire me with that singleness of affection which could alone justify the hope that I might win, in return, a wife's esteem and a contented home. That object is now finally relinquished, and, with it, all idea of resuming the life of cities. I might have re-entered a political career, had I first secured to myself a mind sufficiently serene and healthful for duties that need the concentration of thought and desire. Such a state of mind I can not secure. I have striven for it; I am baffled. It is said that politics are a jealous mistress—that they require the whole man. The saying is not invariably true in the application it commonly receives—that is, a politician may have some other employment of intellect, which rather enlarges his powers than distracts their political uses. Successful politicians have united with great parliamentary toil and triumph legal occupations or literary or learned studies. But politics do require that the heart should be free, and at peace from all more absorbing private anxieties—from the gnawing of a memory or a care, which dulls ambition and paralyzes energy. In this sense politics do require the whole man. If I returned to politics now, I should fail to them, and they to me. I feel that the brief interval between me and the grave has need of repose: I find that repose here. I have therefore given the necessary orders to dismiss the pompous retinue which I left behind me, and instructed my agent to sell my London house for whatever it may fetch. I was unwilling to sell it before—unwilling to abandon the hope, however faint, that I might yet regain strength for action. But the very struggle to obtain such strength leaves me exhausted more.

You may believe that it is not without a pang—less of pride than of remorse—that I resign unfulfilled the object toward which all my earlier life was so resolutely shaped. The house I had promised my father to refound dies to dust in my grave. To my father's blood no heir to my wealth can trace. Yet it is a consolation to think that Lionel Haughton is one on whom my father would have smiled approvingly. At my death, therefore, at least the old name will not die; Lionel Haughton will take and be worthy to bear it. Strange weakness of mine, you will say; but I can not endure the thought that the old name should be quite blotted out of the land. I trust that Lionel may early form a suitable and happy marriage. Sure that he will not choose ignobly, I impose no fetters on his choice.

One word only on that hateful subject, confided so tardily to your friendship, left so thankfully to your discretion. Now that I have once more buried myself in Fawley, it is very unlikely that the man it pains me to name will seek me here. If he does, he can not molest me as if I were in the London world. Continue, then, I pray you, to leave him alone. And in adopting your own shrewd belief that, after all, there is no such child as he pretends to claim, my mind becomes tranquilized on all that part of my private griefs.

Farewell, old school-friend! Here, so far as I can foretell—here, where my life began, it returns, when Heaven pleases, to close. Here I could not ask you to visit me: what is rest to me would be loss of time to you. But in my late and vain attempt to re-enter that existence in which you have calmly and wisely gathered round yourself "all that should accompany old age—honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"—nothing so repaid the effort—nothing now so pleasantly remains to recollection—as the brief renewal of that easy commune which men like me never know, save with those whose laughter brings back to them a gale from the old playground. "*Vive, vale;*" I will not add, "*Sis memor mei.*" So many my obligations to your kindness, that you will be forced to remember me whenever you recall the *not* "painful subjects" of early friendship and lasting gratitude. Recall only those when reminded of

GUY DARRELL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

No coinage in circulation so fluctuates in value as the worth of a Marriageable Man.

COLONEL MORLEY was not surprised (*that*, we know, he could not be, by any fresh experience of human waywardness and caprice), but much disturbed and much vexed by the unexpected nature of Darrell's communication. Schemes for Darrell's future had become plans of his own. Talk with his old school-fellow had, within the last three months, entered into the pleasures of his age. Darrell's abrupt and final renunciation of this social world made at once a void in the business of Alban's mind, and in the affections of Alban's heart. And no adequate reason assigned for so sudden a flight and so morbid a resolve! Some tormenting remembrance—some rankling grief—distinct from those of which Alban was cognizant, those in which he had been consulted, was implied but by vague and general hints. But what was the remembrance of the grief, Alban Morley, who knew every thing, was quite persuaded that Darrell would never suffer him to know. Could it be in any way connected with those three young ladies to whom Darrell's attentions had been so perversely impartial? The Colonel did not fail to observe that to those young ladies Darrell's letter did not even allude. Was it not possible that he had really felt for one of them a deeper sentiment than a man advanced in years ever likes to own even to his nearest friend—hazarded a proposal, and met with a rebuff? If so, Alban conjectured the female culprit by whom the sentiment had been inspired and the rebuff administered. "That mischievous kitten, Flora Vyvyan," growled the Colonel. "I always felt that she had the claws of a tigress under that *patte de velours!*" Roused by this suspicion, he sallied forth to call on the Vyvyans. Mr. Vyvyan, a widower, one of those quiet gentlemanlike men who sit much in the drawing-room and like receiving morning visitors, was at home to him. "So Darrell has left town for the season," said the Colonel, pushing straight to the point.

"Yes," said Mr. Vyvyan. "I had a note from him this morning, to say he had renounced all hope of—"

"What?" cried the Colonel.

"Joining us in Switzerland. I am so sorry. Flora still more sorry. She is accustomed to have her own way, and she had set her heart on hearing Darrell read 'Manfred' in sight of the Jung Frau!"

"Um," said the Colonel. "What might be sport to her might be death to him. A man at his age is not too old to fall in love with a young lady of hers. But he is too old not to be extremely ridiculous to *such* a young lady if he does."

"Colonel Morley—Fie!" cried an angry voice behind him. Flora had entered the room unobserved. Her face was much flushed, and her eyelids looked as if tears had lately swelled beneath them, and were swelling still.

"What have I said to merit your rebuke?" asked the Colonel, composedly.

"Said! Coupled the thought of ridicule with the name of Mr. Darrell!"

"Take care, Morley," said Mr. Vyvyan, laughing. "Flora is positively superstitious in her respect for Guy Darrell; and you can not offend her more than by implying that he is mortal. Nay, child, it is very natural. Quite apart from his fame, there is something in that man's familiar talk, or rather, perhaps, in the very sound of his voice, which makes most other society seem flat and insipid. I feel it myself. And when Flora's young admirers flutter and babble round her—just after Darrell has quitted his chair beside her—they seem very poor company. I'm sure, Flora," continued Vyvyan, kindly, "that the mere acquaintance of such a man has done you a great deal of good; and I am now in great hopes that, whenever you marry, it will be a man of sense."

"Um!" again said the Colonel, eying Flora aslant, but with much attention. "How I wish, for my friend's sake, that he was of an age which inspired Miss Vyvyan with less—veneration!"

Flora turned her back on the Colonel, looking out of the window, and her small foot beating the ground with nervous irritation.

"It was given out that Darrell intended to marry again," said Mr. Vyvyan. "A man of that sort requires a very superior, highly-educated woman; and if Miss Carr Vipont had been a little more of his age she would have just suited him. But I am patriot enough to hope that he will remain single, and have no wife but his country, like Mr. Pitt."

The Colonel having now satisfied his curiosity, and assured himself that Darrell was, there at least, no rejected suitor, rose and approached Flora to make peace, and to take leave. As he held out his hand he was struck with the change in a countenance usually so gay in its aspect—it spoke of more than dejection, it betrayed distress; when she took his hand she retained it, and looked into his eyes wistfully; evidently there was something on her mind which she wished to express, and did not know how. At length she said in a whisper, "You are Mr. Darrell's most intimate friend; I have heard him say so. Shall you see him soon?"

"I fear not; but why?"

"Why? you, his friend; do you not perceive that he is not happy? I, a mere stranger, saw it at the first. You should cheer and comfort him; *you* have that right—it is a noble privilege."

"My dear young lady," said the Colonel, touched, "you have a better heart than I thought for. It is true Darrell is not a happy man; but can you give me any message that might cheer him more than an old bachelor's commonplace exhortations to take heart, forget the rains of yesterday, and hope for some gleam of sun on the morrow?"

"No," said Flora, sadly, "it would be a presumption indeed in me to affect the consoler's part; but—(her lips quivered)—but if I may judge by his letter, I may never see him again."

"His letter! He has written to *you*, then, as well as to your father?"

"Yes," said Flora, confused and coloring, "a few lines in answer to a silly note of mine; yes, tell him that I shall never forget his kind counsels, his delicate, indulgent construction of—of—in short, tell him my father is right, and that I shall be better and wiser all my life for the few short weeks in which I have known Guy Darrell."

"What secrets are you two whispering there?" asked Mr. Vyvyan from his easy chair.

"Ask her ten years hence," said the Colonel, as he retreated to the door. "The fairest leaves in the flower are the last that the bud will disclose."

From Mr. Vyvyan the Colonel went to Lord ——'s. His lordship had also heard from Darrell that morning; Darrell declined the invitation to —— Hall; business at Fawley. Lady Adela had borne the disappointment with her wonted serenity of temper, and had gone out shopping. Darrell had certainly not offered his hand in that quarter; had he done so—whether refused or accepted—all persons yet left in London would have heard the news. Thence the Colonel repaired to Carr Vipont's. Lady Selina was at home, and exceedingly cross. Carr had been astonished by a letter from Mr. Darrell, dated Fawley—left town for the season without even calling to take leave—a most eccentric man. She feared his head was a little touched—that he knew it, but did not like to own it—perhaps the doctors had told him he must keep quiet, and not excite himself with politics. "I had thought," said Lady Selina, "that he might have felt a growing attachment for Honoria; and, considering the disparity of years, and that Honoria certainly might marry any one, he was too proud to incur the risk of refusal. But I will tell you in confidence, as a relation and dear friend, that Honoria has a very superior mind, and might have overlooked the mere age: congenial tastes—you understand. But on thinking it all over, I begin to doubt whether *that* be the true reason for his running away in this wild sort of manner. My maid tells me that his house-steward called to say that the establishment was to be broken up. That looks as if he had resigned London for good; just, too, when, Carr says, the CRISIS, so long put off, is sure to burst on us. I'm quite sick of clever men—one never knows how to trust them; if they are not dishonest, they are eccentric! I have just been telling Honoria that clever men are, after all, the most tiresome husbands. Well, what makes you so silent? What do you say? Why don't you speak?"

"I am slowly recovering from my shock," said the Colonel. "So Darrell shirks THE CRISIS, and has not even hinted a preference for Honoria, the very girl in all London that would have made him a safe, rational companion. I told him so, and he never denied it. But it is a comfort to think he is no loss. Old monster!"

"Nay," said Lady Selina, mollified by so much sympathy, "I don't say he is no loss. Honestly speaking—between ourselves—I think he is a very great loss. An alliance between him and Honoria would have united all the Vipont influence. Lord Montfort has the greatest confidence in Darrell; and if this CRISIS comes, it is absolutely necessary for the Vipont interest that it should find somebody who can speak. Really, my dear Colonel Morley, you who have such an influence over this very odd man should exert it now. One must not be over-nice in times of CRISIS; the country is at stake, Cousin Alban."

"I will do my best," said the Colonel; "I am quite aware that an alliance which would secure Darrell's talents to the House of Vipont, and the House of Vipont to Darrell's talents, would—but 'tis no use talking, we must not sacrifice Honoria even on the altar of her country's interest!"

"Sacrifice! Nonsense! The man is not young, certainly; but then, what a grand creature—and so clever!"

"Clever—yes! But that was your very objection to him five minutes ago."

"I forgot the CRISIS. One don't want clever men every day, but there *are* days when one does want them!"

"I envy you that aphorism. But from what you now imply, I fear that Honoria may have allowed her thoughts to settle upon what may never take place; and, if so, she may fret."

"Fret! a daughter of mine fret!—and of all my daughters, Honoria! A girl of the best-disciplined mind! Fret! what a word—vulgar!"

COLONEL MORLEY. "So it is; I blush for it; but let us understand each other. If Darrell proposed for Honoria, you think, ambition apart, she would esteem him sufficiently for a decided preference."

LADY SELINA. "If that be his doubt, reassure him. He is shy; men of genius are; Honoria *would esteem* him! Till he has actually proposed, it would compromise her to say more even to you."

COLONEL MORLEY. "And if that be not the doubt, and if I ascertain that Darrell has no idea of proposing, Honoria would—"

LADY SELINA. "Despise him. Ah, I see by your countenance that you think I should prepare her. Is it so, frankly?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Frankly, then. I think Guy Darrell, like many other men, has been so long making up his mind to marry again that he has lost the right moment, and will never find it."

Lady Selina smells at her vinaigrette, and replies in her softest, affectedest, civilest, and crushingest manner—

"*Poor*—DEAR—OLD MAN!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Man is not permitted, with ultimate impunity, to exasperate the envies, and insult the miseries of those around him, by a systematic perseverance in willful—Celibacy. In vain may he scheme, in the marriage of injured friends, to provide arm-chairs, and foot-stools, and prattling babies for the luxurious delectation of his indolent age. The avenging Eumenides (being themselves ancient virgins neglected) shall humble his insolence, baffle his projects, and condemn his declining years to the horrors of solitude—rarely even wakening his soul to the grace of repentance.

THE Colonel, before returning home, dropped into the Clubs, and took care to give to Darrell's sudden disappearance a plausible and common-place construction. The season was just over. Darrell had gone to the country. The town establishment was broken up, because the house in Carlton Gardens was to be sold. Darrell did not like the situation—found the air relaxing—Park Lane or Grosvenor Square were on higher ground. Besides, the stair-case was bad for a house of such pretensions—not suited to large parties. Next season Darrell might be in a position when he would have to give large parties, etc. etc. As no one is inclined to suppose that a man will retire from public life just when he has a chance of office, so the Clubs took Alban Morley's remarks unsuspiciously, and generally agreed that Darrell showed great tact in absenting himself from town during the transition state of politics that always precedes a

CRISIS, and that it was quite clear that he calculated on playing a great part when the CRISIS was over, by finding his house had grown too small for him. Thus paving the way to Darrell's easy return to the world, should he repent of his retreat (a chance which Alban by no means dismissed from his reckoning), the Colonel returned home to find his nephew George awaiting him there. The scholarly clergyman had ensconced himself in the back drawing-room, fitted up as a library, and was making free with the books. "What have you there, George?" asked the Colonel, after shaking him by the hand. "You seemed quite absorbed in its contents, and would not have noticed my presence but for Gip's bark."

"A volume of poems I never chanced to meet before. Full of true genius."

"Bless me, poor Arthur Branthwaite's poems. And you were positively reading those—not induced to do so by respect for his father?—Could you make head or tail of them?"

"There is a class of poetry which displeases middle age by the very attributes which render it charming to the young; for each generation has a youth with idiosyncrasies peculiar to itself, and a peculiar poetry by which those idiosyncrasies are expressed."

Here George was beginning to grow metaphysical, and somewhat German, when his uncle's face assumed an expression which can only be compared to that of a man who dreads a very severe and long operation. George humanely hastened to relieve his mind.

"But I will not bore you at present."

"Thank you," said the Colonel, brightening up.

"Perhaps you will lend me the book. I am going down to Lady Montfort's by-and-by, and I can read it by the way."

"Yes, I will lend it to you till next season. Let me have it again then, to put on the table when Frank Vance comes to breakfast with me. The poet was his brother-in-law; and though, for that reason, poets and poetry are a sore subject with Frank, yet, the last time he breakfasted here, I felt, by the shake of his hand in parting, that he felt pleased by a mark of respect to all that is left of poor Arthur Branthwaite. So you are going to Lady Montfort? Ask her why she cuts me!"

"My dear uncle! You know how secluded her life is at present; but she has charged me to assure you of her unalterable regard for you; and whenever her health and spirits are somewhat more recovered, I have no doubt that she will ask you to give her the occasion to make that assurance in person."

COLONEL MORLEY. "Can her health and spirits continue so long affected by grief for the loss of that distant acquaintance whom the law called her husband?"

GEORGE. "She is very far from well, and her spirits are certainly much broken. And now, uncle, for the little favor I came to ask. Since you presented me to Mr. Darrell, he kindly sent me two or three invitations to dinner, which my frequent absence from town would not allow me to accept. I ought to call on him; and, as I feel ashamed not to have done so before, I wish you would accompany me to his house. One happy word from you would save me a relapse into stutter. When I want to apologize, I always stutter."

"Darrell has left town," said the Colonel, roughly; "you have missed an opportunity that will never occur again. The most charming companion; an intellect so manly, yet so sweet! *I* shall never find such another." And for the first time in thirty years a tear stole to Alban Morley's eye.

GEORGE. "When did he leave town?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Three days ago."

GEORGE. "Three days ago! and for the Continent again?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "No, for the Hermitage. George, I have such a letter from him! You know how many years he has been absent from the world. When, this year, he reappeared, he and I grew more intimate than we had ever been since we had left school; for though the same capital held us before, he was then too occupied for much familiarity with an idle man like me. But just when I was intertwining what is left of my life with the bright threads of his, he snaps the web asunder; he quits this London world again; says he will return to it no more."

GEORGE. "Yet I did hear that he proposed to renew his parliamentary career; nay, that he was about to form a second marriage with Honoria Vipont?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Mere gossip—not true. No, he will never again marry. Three days ago I thought it certain that he would—certain that I should find for my old age a nook in his home—the easiest chair in his social circle; that my daily newspaper would have a fresh interest in the praise of his name or the report of his speech; that I should walk proudly into White's, sure to hear there of Guy Darrell; that I should keep from misanthropical rust my dry knowledge of life, planning shrewd panegyrics to him of a young, happy wife, needing all his indulgence—panegyrics to her of the high-minded, sensitive man, claiming tender respect and delicate soothing; that thus, day by day, I should have made more pleasant the home in which I should have planted myself, and found in his children boys to lecture and girls to spoil. Don't be jealous, George. I like your wife, I love your little ones, and you will have all I have to leave. But to an old bachelor, who would keep young to the last, there is no place so sunny as the hearth of an old school-friend. But my house of cards is blown down—talk of it no more—'tis a painful subject. You met Lionel Haughton here the last time you called—how did you like him?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Well, then, since you can not call on Darrell, call on him."

GEORGE (with animation). "It is just what I meant to do—what is his address?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "There is his card—take it. He was here last night to inquire if I knew where Darrell had gone, though no one in his household, nor I either, suspected till this morning that Darrell had left town for good. You will find Lionel at home, for I sent him word I would call. But really I am not up to it now. Tell him from me that Mr. Darrell will not return to Carlton Gardens this season, and is gone to Fawley. At present Lionel need not know more—you understand? And now, my dear George, good-day."

CHAPTER XX.

Each generation has its own critical canons in poetry as well as in political creeds, financial systems, or whatever other changeable matters of taste are called "Settled Questions" and "Fixed Opinions."

GEORGE, musing much over all that his uncle had said respecting Darrell, took his way to Lionel's lodgings. The young man received him with the cordial greeting due from Darrell's kinsman to Colonel Morley's nephew, but tempered by the respect no less due to the distinction and the calling of the eloquent preacher.

Lionel was perceptibly affected by learning that Darrell had thus suddenly returned to the gloomy beech-woods of Fawley; and he evinced his anxious interest in his benefactor with so much spontaneous tenderness of feeling, that George, as if in sympathy, warmed into the same theme. "I can well conceive," said he, "your affection for Mr. Darrell. I remember, when I was a boy, how powerfully he impressed me, though I saw but little of him. He was then in the zenith of his career, and had but few moments to give to a boy like me; but the ring of his voice and the flash of his eye sent me back to school, dreaming of fame, and intent on prizes. I spent part of one Easter vacation at his house in town; he bade his son, who was my school-fellow, invite me."

LIONEL. "You knew his son? How Mr. Darrell has felt that loss!"

GEORGE. "Heaven often vails its most provident mercy in what to man seems its sternest inflictions. That poor boy must have changed his whole nature, if his life had not to a father, like Mr. Darrell, occasioned grief sharper than his death."

LIONEL. "You amaze me. Mr. Darrell spoke of him as a boy of great promise."

GEORGE. "He had that kind of energy which to a father conveys the idea of promise, and which might deceive those older than himself—a fine bright-eyed bold-tongued boy, with just enough awe of his father to bridle his worst qualities before him."

LIONEL. "What were those?"

GEORGE. "Headstrong arrogance — relentless cruelty. He had a pride which would have shamed his father out of pride, had Guy Darrell detected its nature—purse pride! I remember his father said to me with a half-laugh, 'My boy must not be galled and mortified as I was every hour at school—clothes patched and pockets empty.' And so, out of mistaken kindness, Mr. Darrell ran into the opposite extreme, and the son was proud, not of his father's fame, but of his father's money, and withal not generous, nor exactly extravagant, but using money as power—power that allowed him to insult an equal or to buy a slave. In a word, his nickname at school was 'Sir Giles Overreach.' His death was the result of his strange passion for tormenting others. He had a fag who could not swim, and who had the greatest terror of the water; and it was while driving this child into the river out of his depth that cramp seized himself, and he was drowned. Yes, when I think what that boy would have been as man, succeeding to Darrell's wealth—and had Darrell persevered (as he would, perhaps, if the boy had lived) in his public career—to the rank and titles he would probably have acquired and bequeathed—again I say, in man's affliction is often Heaven's mercy."

Lionel listened aghast. George continued, "Would that I could speak as plainly to Mr. Darrell himself! For we find constantly in the world that there is no error that misleads us like the error that is half a truth wrenched from the other half; and nowhere is such an error so common as when man applies it to the judgment of some event in his own life, and separates calamity from consolation."

LIONEL. "True; but who could have the heart to tell a mourning father that his dead son was worthless?"

GEORGE. "Alas, my young friend, the preacher must sometimes harden his own heart if he would strike home to another's soul. But I am not sure that Mr. Darrell would need so cruel a kindness. I believe that his clear intellect must have divined some portions of his son's nature which enabled him to bear the loss with fortitude. And he did bear it bravely. But now, Mr. Haughton, if you have the rest of the day free, I am about to make you an unceremonious proposition for its disposal. A lady who knew Mr. Darrell when she was very young, has a strong desire to form your acquaintance. She resides on the banks of the Thames, a little above Twickenham. I have promised to call on her this evening. Shall we dine together at Richmond? And afterward we can take a boat to her villa."

Lionel at once accepted, thinking so little of the lady that he did not even ask her name. He was pleased to have a companion with whom he could talk of Darrell. He asked but delay to write a few lines of affectionate inquiry to his kinsman at Fawley, and, while he wrote, George took out Arthur Branthwaite's poems and resumed their perusal. Lionel having sealed his letter, George extended the book to him. "Here are some remarkable poems by a brother-in-law of that remarkable artist, Frank Vance."

"Frank Vance! True, he had a brother-in-law a poet. I admire Frank so much; and, though he professes to sneer at poetry, he is so associated in my mind with poetical images that I am prepossessed beforehand in favor of all that brings him, despite himself, in connection with poetry."

"Tell me, then," said George, pointing out a passage in the volume, "what you think of these lines." My good uncle would call them gibberish. I am not sure that I can construe them; but when I was your age, I think I could—what say you?"

Lionel glanced. "Exquisite indeed! nothing can be clearer; they express exactly a sentiment in myself that I could never explain."

"Just so," said George, laughing. "Youth has a sentiment that it can not explain, and the sentiment is expressed in a form of poetry that middle age can not construe. It is true that poetry of the grand order interests equally all ages; but the world ever throws out a poetry not of the grandest; not meant to be durable—not meant to be universal—but following the shifts and changes of human sentiment, and just like those pretty sun-dials formed by flowers which bloom to tell the hour, open their buds to tell it, and, telling it, fade themselves from time."

Not listening to the critic, Lionel continued to read the poems, exclaiming, "How exquisite! how true!"

MY UNFORTUNATE UNCLE.

I THINK my grandfather was born in Salem. On this point, however, and on many others relating to the earlier part of his career, he was rather reserved. The mystery attending his birthplace was no bar to his attaining a highly respectable position in society, which the general knowledge of the fact that the foundation of his fortune was laid in the profits of the slave-trade did not materially disturb. He took excellent care of his money, watchfully avoiding public and private charities; he held, in his day, many offices of trust and honor; his old age seemed tranquil and happy; and he died, without a struggle, one afternoon, after a hearty dinner of roast pig, leaving a large fortune to be divided between my uncle and myself—my parents being dead.

The fortune was divided in this way: my uncle came in for about half a million, and to me the moderate, and perhaps disproportionate, sum of five thousand dollars was, by a codicillary afterthought, kindly bequeathed, with an expressed hope—probably intended as posthumous waggery—that the disposition of the property would prove satisfactory to me, and an allusion to the fact that my education and college expenses had already been, at his, the testator's, charge. This last hit had been a favorite one with my grandfather during his valuable and entertaining existence, but as it originated from his only charitable act—the consolidated generosity of a lifetime—he could be pardoned for his frequent resort to it.

The disposition of the property did not, as my grandfather had wished, prove satisfactory to me; and I felt called upon to say as much to my uncle, the executor, who replied, with an attractive smile, that it could not be expected every body would be satisfied: this seemed reasonable, and I politely withdrew.

It now became necessary to choose a profession—a matter of some consequence, frequently meditated upon but never yet decided. Hitherto I had quieted myself with the belief that, as my grandfather had endowed me with a collegiate education, he intended to add to the obligation by bequeathing me a competency at least, instead of forcing me, by this wretched conduct, to the drudgery of a professional apprenticeship—a thing taken to kindly in youth, but vexatious, and generally unavailing, later in life. In truth, the business looked far from easy to me now; the medical and legal professions—and the fact has often impressed other minds—were comfortably filled, if not crowded; as for the ministry, I felt I was unfit for that; fortunately perhaps, for that vocation lay under the same disadvantage.

So here I was, at the age of twenty-nine, in a very uncomfortable position; the more perplexing from the fact that, a week or two before, I had, in a very agitated and rapid manner, confided to Sarah Jane Williams the secret of my heart; that I loved her a great deal better than my own existence, which would be hateful without her; that she was the only girl I had ever looked upon with sentiments worthy of more than passing notice; that, for the future all other females would excite in me but a feeble interest; to this I had added that my prospects, pecuniarily, were of the most flattering description, nearly the same, indeed, as two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand dollars cash in hand, and concluded by firmly asserting she alone possessed the power of making me supremely happy, which I then begged her to do.

To which Sarah Jane Williams had made reply, that she had long hidden the esteem and love in which she held me; that she now, with pride, seized the opportunity to confess it; that she would marry me with great pleasure; that, as her aunt was a lady of firm temper, with a general inclination toward opposition, it would be well, perhaps, for the present, to keep our pleasing secret to ourselves, at all events, until something more definite touching the two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand dollars, of which mention had been made in my declaration, should transpire.

To this, from Sarah Jane Williams, I had assented; and, at the same moment, regretted I had not remained guardedly silent concerning the two hundred and odd thousand dollars. But who is discreet in love? In that state a man, particularly a young one, moves toward general and full confession as surely as we all move toward death. Instructing the adored one in every thing of note bearing upon the all-absorbing topic of their mutual affection, he goes further, and dazzles her imagination with fantastic plans, which, mostly subject to future contingencies, and faintly connected with the present, the blindness of love, nevertheless, converts into the soundest reason. The two hundred and odd thousand dollars had, it is true, some connection with the matter in debate; but I now decided, should it ever be necessary again to speak of that sum, it should be approached in the gentlest and most cursory manner.

Sarah Jane Williams was a very lovely and intelligent young lady; naturally she must have been this, or I could not have become so exceedingly enamored by her. I first saw her, five years before my grandfather's death, on the day I closed a negotiation for board and lodging with her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Williams, a maiden lady of great purity of character, who, a short time before, had taken charge of Sarah Jane and her brother Tom, then left orphans. We all know how these things turn out in every well-regulated narrative, so it may be needless to acknowledge that I loved her from the first. But so faithful was the watch and ward maintained over her by Miss Elizabeth; so entirely had she been impressed with the belief that all young male boarders were the special emissaries of Satan; so honestly did she obey the command to avoid them, unless in presence of witnesses, that my love could only be fed, and the spark of her growing affection fanned into a healthy existence, by a ready word, here and there, and the hundreds of minute attentions, half tolerated because almost imperceptible, of which, when a chance offered, I eagerly took advantage. One who has never lived in a large boarding-house can not understand the difficulty of this sort of an affair. Over a pretty girl of seventeen, the vigilance of her lawful guardian or guardians might be considered a tolerable protection; but as all the young fellows in the house are generally, in different degrees, fascinated, and are continually striving to exhibit to her, and to her alone, in various extraordinary ways, the intensity of their passion, it falls out at last that each aspirant becomes a self-constituted policeman, always round the corner, prepared to make an unexpected entrance on the scene, whenever any one of the volunteer force, after days of watching, foolishly supposes he has secured the opportunity of a private conversation with the guarded treasure. Such a patrol was in regular service about the person of Sarah Jane Williams; and it was solely because I was more at leisure than the others, and could remain at home while they were compelled to go regularly to their respective places of business, that I had succeeded, in the course of years, in acquiring her favor, and, at last, in securing the opportunity, already noticed, of ascertaining her sentiments by a frank and hurried confession of my own. Henceforth the affair was more simple; no prudery need stand in the way, and by a stream of three-cornered billets our plans and hopes could float from one to the other without detection.

During my early domiciliation in this house I became acquainted with Tom, Sarah Jane's brother. He was then about twenty. His habits were so very erratic, his manners so unregulated, that he very nearly, at one time, revolutionized the whole establishment. An extensive acquaintance with the world has never brought to my notice a young gentleman whose property in the article of wild oats has been so large as Tom's, or who could sow them so systematically, constantly, and enthusiastically as he. His consciousness of being the only person of whom his aunt was in awe did not serve to quiet his manifestations; the reckless course of conduct he adopted in regard to chambermaids—seizing every opportunity to kiss the handsome ones on the landings in regular order as he, ascending or descending, might meet them—caused the banishment of every girl with any claim to youth and beauty; so that, finally, there was no female servant in the house under forty-five, and the faces of these had generally suffered from the ravages of the small-pox. The deep disgust which the successive dismission of the youthful "help" excited in Tom he was in the habit of manifesting openly to his aunt and the assembled respectability of the house at meals. Day by day he grew in wickedness. Sometimes he invited seedy young men, in very dingy shirts, home to dine. Once six harmonious gentlemen slept with him in his apartment from two o'clock A.M. until nine, at which hour a boy, hired by Miss Elizabeth Williams to clean knives, being seduced from his allegiance and furnished with a lot of small change—contributed by the guests in proportion to their means—was dispatched for eight quart bottles of strong ale, with which, and a pail of iced water subsequently carried up by the same misguided youth, they partially assuaged their thirst, and in single file walked down stairs into the street, each brandishing an empty bottle, and all notably drunk. Sometimes an apoplectic snore would attract the attention of servants to secluded corners of the building, where our young friend would be found in what he was pleased to call a "water-logged state," and taken to bed. Often, too, when going down to breakfast, I encountered a pungent odor of gin coming up accompanied by Tom, an indication that the preceding night had been passed away from home.

He remained with his aunt but a few months after my arrival, when his genius expanded to such an extent that a new sphere of action became necessary. Early one morning—some hours before sunrise—as he was sauntering home from a protracted orgy, it occurred to him that the despondency of mind consequent on the reaction from brilliant society to the loneliness of the street might be alleviated by a resort to song. Never much in the habit of controlling his inclination, he sat down on the curb-stone, and in lofty but shattered tones commenced a ballad more suitable to a bachelor audience than the open street—indeed, a song most chaste and delicate would hardly have been appropriate at that time and in that place. A citizen immedi-

ately opened a window, and, after a short and animated conversation with the singer, called the watch; two of these came and boldly advanced on Tom, who remonstrated with them on their ill-breeding in cutting short a serenade, threw himself into a defensive position, and dared the officers of the law to "come on." Tom passed the rest of the night in the station-house, and the next morning, with a miscellaneous collection of people of both sexes, was up before his Honor, the Police Justice. The respectable standing of friends saved him from the ignominy of imprisonment; he was discharged on payment of a fine, and on condition of immediate departure from the city. He readily consented, remarking that "he had about used up all the fun ashore," and a few days after went to New Bedford and shipped for a whaling voyage.

And now, having disposed of Tom—who, since his departure, nearly five years before, had not been heard from—I will return to the point from which digression was made to him and his beautiful sister.

When I informed Sarah Jane of the shabby manner in which my grandfather had seen fit to leave this world, she replied, as I knew she would, that the loss of the two hundred and odd thousand dollars made no difference to her; she was prepared to marry me whenever the sacrifice should be demanded. She again admonished me to keep our little affair from her aunt, who would never consent to the marriage with me on my poor five thousand dollars, since her virtuous and uncompromising spirit was firmly set on twenty-five thousand and a profitable business. Sarah Jane added, in an artless way, that her aunt had once alluded to my indolence—which required a series of years for the choice of a profession, and at the end of that time left me more undecided than at the beginning—and thought the active nature of her revered relative was, partly on this account, embittered against me. A sly gleam of humor lurking in the corner of her eye led me to suppose that the young lady herself was, in some degree, responsible for this piece of flattery. My cheek betrayed the shot was a good one. I felt impelled to an immediate decision on the subject of a profession: on the spot I sternly closed my ears against the siren voices of law and medicine, to which I had bewilderingly listened for many years, and resolved to apply to my uncle for some one of the clerkships in the corporations where he held influence.

My uncle was reputed very rich. In the manufacturing and financial circles he filled many lucrative and unlaborious offices. He was a power in the business world. Timid people with more money than self-reliance, working men with a few hundreds in savings, widows with goodly portions, heirs with more ready cash than they could immediately squander, all came beseeching him to assume the labor of investing, with his famed discretion, their stray property; and he, blandly smiling, would lock up their troublesome funds in this manufactory of which he was treasurer; in that, where he was selling agent; in this bank, whose crisp notes bore his admired autograph; in that railroad, where he had the honor of being director—and sometimes would kindly soothe the anxiety of those whose confidence in corporate bodies might be small, by taking their money himself, giving his own note on demand therefor—which was the favor he conferred on me to the extent of my five thousand dollars.

To this gentleman I now applied. Not being the sort of person one would choose as a confidant in affairs of love, I did not mention the name of Sarah Jane Williams, but proceeded directly to business. He shook hands with me cordially.

"I am very glad, my dear nephew," said he, "you have given up all thoughts of law and medicine. They are, as you say, too crowded—too crowded for comfort! You are right in seeking for some mercantile clerkship. You will there acquire a knowledge of business, so that, by-and-by, you can commence, on your own account, with the pretty little capital the generosity of your grandfather has placed at your disposal. In your search after a place you are at liberty to refer to me. I shall certainly give a satisfactory statement of your capacity and education, and although your habits have not been so industrious as active business demands, they soon will be, I have no doubt."

"But, Sir," said I, "my acquaintance with business men is very limited, and the object of my calling here was to ask for some situation in one of the many establishments under your direction. It would be almost useless to ask a stranger for a place."

"My dear fellow!" replied he, with an inimitable smile, "I fear you exaggerate my influence. To take advantage of my position, and, swayed by the partiality of relationship, place you in an office requiring a business man, would be manifestly improper. Such a course would injure my reputation."

"I see very plainly what you mean!" said I, with a sneer; "Guard your reputation by all means! And don't soil the purity of your character, even by giving favorable testimony regarding my capacity; indeed, I fear your friendly offices in my behalf might go far, from your extreme caution, to ruin my chance—"

"You forget yourself," interrupted he, coldly.

"No—I did, when I asked a favor of you! And to prevent the vexation of another interview, I must inform you that the little property I received from my father's estate is nearly exhausted, consequently I am compelled to ask for the money which you have charge of for me; I shall soon need it for my current expenses. At some early day you will oblige me by sending it by your clerk."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed he, in mock rage; "do you threaten me with your paltry five thousand dollars? You shall have it within a week, and let the payment of it be the last transaction between us!"

"I desire nothing better," answered I, and left him.

"I left him in deep, but, I trust, manly sorrow. My wavering mind reverted to law and medicine. Never before had I felt so acutely the truth that misfortunes come not singly. Was not the exquisite torment of love sufficient without this last blow? I walked on, muttering incoherently strange passages—which oddly enough came into my mind at that time—from the formula of excommunication adopted by the Church of Rome, wickedly inserting, at proper intervals, the name of my respectable uncle and some of his more vital organs, feeling all the while a horrid necessity for certain stronger and more curt expressions, which early education prevented from escaping me. I reached home, sat down and wrote a long letter, depicting in florid language what had passed that miserable morning; this I addressed to Sarah Jane Williams, and handed it to her soon after, on the stairs; then, in a fit of utter desperation, darted back to my room, and endeavored to describe in verse the passions raging in my breast. I was unable to achieve the first stanza. I had never engaged in the manufacture of poetry before. I have never meddled with it since, except to read it.

The following day I wandered about like a lost spirit. I strolled into those streets occupied by lawyers. The number of this abused profession was startling; of this fact, whole sides of granite, brick, and iron buildings gleamed with evidence. Staring at a careless, unobservant public, appeared by scores, in characters of dingy gold, the names of young attorneys never to be heard of beyond the limits of their dusty offices; and it occurred to me, for the twentieth time, what an insult it would be to those young men, what an unmanly desire to steal a portion of their scanty meal it would betray, were I to distract the eyes of passing litigants by the blazoned delusion of my name! As for medicine, at every turn the unmistakable tokens of a "sawbones" met the wearied vision, and at last I walked home again, tired and uncomfortable.

"Mr. Thompson," said Miss Elizabeth Williams to me on my return, her grim features twisted into a smile, "your uncle has been here to see you. And a very agreeable man he is, too; not at all stuck-up and aristocratic-like, as one would think a man of his standing would be. He was really very entertaining company both to Sarah Jane and me, and seemed to take a great interest in the house—staid here nearly an hour, and said, at parting, that he had serious intentions of breaking up his bachelor-hall, as he called it, and taking apartments in some good boarding-house for the sake of mere society. He is coming to look at some rooms here to-morrow."

"Did he leave any message for me?" inquired I, astonished at the visit, when but the day before we had parted forever.

"This letter only."

I took it and hurried to my room. It proved to be a letter signed by my uncle, and addressed to a firm down town, recommending me to some small situation. I sat down calmly in one chair, deposited my feet in another, and soliloquized:

"Now," said I, "what particular scheme of wickedness pushed that liberal-minded citizen this way, to fire off his big guns for the delectation of the elderly Williams?—for he certainly has no more idea of boarding with that lady than I have of studying medicine. This stupid subterfuge!" and I threw his commonplace letter into the empty grate; "does he think to satisfy me with so weak a sop? And his stately presence will again bless us to-morrow: Mother Williams will exhibit her rooms, and mention, in an easy way, her fearful prices; and fancy, all the while, she is enticing him from that bachelor-hall to the charming society of this establishment! Pshaw! There's nothing charming about it, with the slight, but to me important exception of Sarah Jane—and her I regard as out of the market."

Unable to understand the matter, I resolved to wait until the arrival of my uncle, and seek, at the earliest moment, the reasons for this devoted attention to the aunt. Sure enough, at four o'clock the next afternoon, he came in his carriage, driven by a foreign flunky, who, from his elevated seat on the box, sniffed with evident contempt the republican air of that boarding-house locality.

There had been a great deal of fluttering on the part of Miss Elizabeth, and, resplendent in a new silk dress of flaring pattern, she now awaited the entrance of the rich man. They were alone together nearly an hour, but no move was made in the direction of the rooms he was to have looked at. At the end of that time Sarah Jane was called in, and there was another secret session. With growing anxiety I longed for the result, and at last my patience was rewarded, and my heart torn, by the sight of Sarah Jane Williams running up stairs, weeping bitterly; while my uncle, with gentlemanly ease, bade adieu to the landlady in the hall, and dashed off in company with the disconsolate flunky. As I came down stairs Miss Elizabeth came up, jubilant and exulting. The interview must have been gratifying. Later, this is what I discovered. I put it in condensed form, for it is not a pleasing subject to dwell upon.

My uncle pretended he had frequently met Sarah Jane—her figure and face had bewitched him. A few days before he had ascertained her name—had immediately called, ostensibly to leave a message for me, but really to behold the lady he had learned to love; he now came, not to look at apartments, but to gaze once more upon her lovely features—nay, to ask her hand in marriage, to bear her away from her estimable aunt—he might say, mother—and place her at the head of his house, no longer, he hoped, to be a bachelor-hall. Miss Elizabeth, after a proper degree of shyness, accepted the proposal. The lady in question was then sent for, and received the offer of his hand, heart, and fortune. She replied only by sobs and tears and a hasty flight from the room—a course of action conceitedly attributed to the pleasurable shock caused by so brilliant a proposition.

As soon as I was informed of all this, I went to my uncle's and rushed, in a very abrupt manner, into the presence. I advised him to abandon all hopes of a marriage with Sarah Jane, for the simple reason that she had, a few weeks before, accepted me, and, as a matter of course, could not, however splendid and flattering the circumstances, consent to marry another. I also hinted, that if, under any temporary aberration of mind, she were forced to a show of acquiescence, I would in person forbid the bans.

"Nephew," replied he, coolly, "our encounters are destined to be any thing but agreeable. There is, allow me to say, a certain selfishness in your character which you ought to control. Nothing makes one so unpopular in the great world as the vice of selfishness. Cure it or disguise it. You wish to drag a young lady down to poverty and misery, a state she will ultimately reach if she marry you; I, on the contrary, wish to place her at the head of a luxurious home, where she will be honored and sought after by the best society. If you really love her as you pretend, you would not selfishly place yourself in the way of her good fortune."

"That's all humbug," said I, "and you know it. I didn't come here to argue with you on the moral view of the question, but simply to tell you, as I have done, that the lady is engaged to me, and, both before and since your disinterested offer, has sworn she will marry no one else. So to save trouble, and avoid scandal, I again advise you to withdraw—as quietly as you can."

"Your advice is of the cheering sort, but I don't like it. Moreover, the aunt, who has something to say in the matter, is most decidedly in my favor. I shall continue to live in hope, in spite of your boisterousness. Good-day!"

The next day he came again to the house, and told Miss Elizabeth what had passed between us. She was very indignant, informed me I had violated every rule of propriety by stealing, in a mean and clandestine way, the affections of her dear niece, and requested me to find another boarding-house within twenty-four hours, which, of course, I did. Before my departure I succeeded in having a private conversation with the fascinating and unhappy cause of all this commotion, in which, among other important subjects, it was arranged that she should, to avoid being continually harassed, appear to consent to the marriage so vehemently encouraged by her aunt.

Tuesday of the week following this—so great was the haste of my uncle—was the day fixed for the wedding, and on Wednesday the married pair were to sail in the English steamer for a tour on the Continent. In grateful consideration of the quiet and resigned way in which I had taken the matter since the first explosion, and at the earnest, imperative desire of the betrothed, I received an invitation to the wedding. Miss Elizabeth herself, beaming with good-nature, on meeting me one morning on her way to the market, had graciously stopped and spoken to me. She should be very happy to see me, she said, at her house on the auspicious occasion, and hoped the folly of fancying myself in love had entirely vanished from my mind as she assured me it had from Sarah Jane's. I gayly answered I had, at last, grown old enough to be heartily tired of such common nonsense, and was fully determined never to fall in love with any body again. I protested no malice lurked in my breast; that I now regarded my uncle as one of the best of middle-aged gentlemen; and, indeed, had decided to honor the nuptials by my presence, solely because I knew such a course would be eminently enlivening to him.

I was there. Among the small number of invited friends, I stood pre-eminent, joking carelessly with two or three young gentlemen boarders—crushed victims of the beauty of Sarah Jane—and I could see I was looked upon as *the* one most particularly jilted. Soon came the portly minister, jovial in the expectation of a heavy fee, and then down stairs, with majestic step, my uncle and the blooming bride. I think the cool and patronizing stare that young lady gave me as she swept into the room, and the dignified, not to say queenly manner in which she drew herself up by my uncle's side, preparatory to the awful ceremony, may be classed with the most magnificent things I have ever witnessed. To think of what had passed between us—vows, letters *et cetera*—and then to glance at her imperturbable air, was startling—and so it seemed to the young gentlemen acquainted with the circumstances.

"Very good thing!" whispered Mr. Augustus Wilkins. "By George, how superbly she does it! It will be needless for the steamer to bear down on an iceberg for the sake of coolness while that young woman's on board."

But just as the minister opened his mouth to commence the service, Sarah Jane, dropping the arm of the expectant bridegroom, glided quickly to me, gave me, before all, a loving kiss, then placed herself at my side, and, for the first time during the evening, began to tremble.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried my uncle, while all started in surprise.

"It means," said I, "that, unless you wish to throw away your valuable time, it will be hardly an object to proceed further in this business."

"I don't understand your buffoonery," said he, passionately.

"Then it becomes my pleasing duty to inform you that Miss Sarah Jane Williams and myself were married three days since—a statement you can verify by calling upon the Rev. Nehemiah Jones, and at the City Hall, where, no doubt, documents may be examined strong enough to convince the most skeptical. Certain other witnesses will be happy, at any time, to wait upon you with such additional testimony as may be requisite."

"So," said my uncle, recovering his calmness and even a portion of his chilly smile, when he saw that all was over; "so, you have won! I thought you were too lazy to play the game, but I was deceived. Still, my dear nephew, if it ever fall in my power to repay you for this admirable joke, believe me the chance shall not escape me. Miss Elizabeth Williams, I congratulate you on your new nephew. Cherish him—he'll prove a treasure. Miss Williams—pardon me, Mrs. Thompson—for a young lady, you have managed the thing remarkably well. Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you good-evening!"

After his departure *my* aunt—mine now by marriage—forgetting that the night was warm and the windows raised, drew about the house an inquisitive, jocund crowd, and cast discredit on the family by her ridiculous and noisy conduct. Errant reporters hastened to the spot and collected the details, furnished, I fear, by the too ready Augustus Wilkins. While it shall be conceded that the enterprise of our newspaper press is a just matter for exultation to every citizen, it is, nevertheless, depressing to a sensitive mind to be placed too prominently before the American people, as I found I was on the following morning; for, by that time, a full statement of the occurrences of the evening, including the disagreeable epithets with which Miss Elizabeth Williams had linked my name, soiled the purity of the bulletins, and traveled in flaming "extras" over the land.

And now being married, it was necessary to demand again my five thousand dollars, which had not yet been repaid. For ready cash I now relied upon it alone. The next afternoon I went to my uncle's office, and found his confidential clerk, pale and uneasy. I asked for his employer.

"He sailed in the steamer this morning," was the reply.

I was astonished. I had presumed the failure of the previous evening would have postponed his tour.

"Yes, Sir," said the clerk; "he got off this morning, leaving things in a very bad state. Ugly rumors, started a few days since, have increased surprisingly, and he has left me a note in which he says, to save me trouble, there is truth in them."

"What do you mean?" said I, uneasily.

"I mean that his affairs have been *rotten* for a long time. I know that now, although he has for some time past kept many important matters of business from me. He has taken a large sum in specie with him; and the whole affair is bad—very bad! He has lately been ruinously unfortunate in large speculations, and, in fact, he is now a defaulter. There! the murder's out! But here is a letter I found in his private desk, which may, from what I see in the morning papers, interest you."

It was from San Francisco, and evidently, by its date, received by my uncle some few weeks before. It read as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR,—You will please immediately ascertain whether there is now living in or near your city a young person named Sarah Jane Williams, niece of Miss Elizabeth Williams; the aunt was, and probably is, at the head of a large boarding-house in your place. The brother of the young lady, Mr. Thomas Williams, died in this city on the 2d inst., leaving a very large property in gold and real estate to his sister. We have, of late, been his agents. He landed here some three years since, during the height of the gold excitement, and became, almost in spite of himself, immensely rich. You will confer a favor by attending to this matter immediately; and, should you find Miss Williams, please request her to send the needful papers, and her instructions in regard to the property. We remain," etc., etc.

This letter, besides reconciling me to the loss of the five thousand dollars—which sum, I firmly believed, was on the way to Europe—also enabled me to give a guess at the reasons which had urged my uncle toward matrimony.

There is but little more to tell. The intelligence I carried home restored to our aunt her equanimity of temper; and, although my wife sat down and cried bitterly for poor Tom, still his long absence and silence, and the remembrance of the wild life he had led at home, after a time quieted her grief. We learned afterward, that when the vessel which bore Tom and his fortunes touched at San Francisco, soon after the first gold discoveries, he, with other adventurous mariners and officers belonging to the ship, deserted without delay, leaving the "barkey" to rot in the harbor, which she nearly did. Fortune favored Tom notwithstanding his reckless and dissipated habits, and when, at the end of three years of California excitement, he departed this life, at the close of a protracted fit of *delirium tremens*, he was, in lands and tenements and "yellow earth," a prosperous gentleman. The crowning act of his life—namely, the execution of his will—had been consummated about three months before his melancholy end.

Some six months after my marriage I received a letter from my uncle, dated from some obscure place in Germany. He requested a loan of two thousand dollars, or such smaller sum as I might be able to spare, intimating he could "do a good thing with it." He perhaps referred to some plan he had formed for breaking a faro-bank. I sent him the following reply:

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter has been received and attentively perused. When you started on your travels you took with you what you were pleased to call 'my paltry five thousand dollars'—at least I may be pardoned for saying so, inasmuch as that sum was placed in your hands, and has never been seen by me since; and as there appears to be no possibility of ever beholding you or the money again, I freely, by these presents, give to you the above-mentioned sum, but I must at the same time decline advancing more. For two reasons: first, I am engaged in large farming operations requiring all our ready money; secondly, you have already had your share. You state that a smaller sum than two thousand would be received. A pearl bracelet, presented by you to Mrs. Thompson, was the only visible remembrance we could find of you; this was converted to cash, and the proceeds have been deposited in the Savings' Bank for your benefit, and when sufficient interest shall have accrued to make the amount worthy the notice of a gentleman of such elegant and expensive habits as your own, principal and interest shall be remitted.

"The sum deposited is fifteen dollars.

"Your nephew, JOHN THOMPSON."

Sarah Jane, on the receipt of her fortune, gave to her aunt a handsome competency, and Miss Elizabeth Williams has passed from the ranks of boarding-house keepers to the quieter circles of private life.

THE LITTLE SURPRISE.

"I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK IF YOU BREAK IT!"

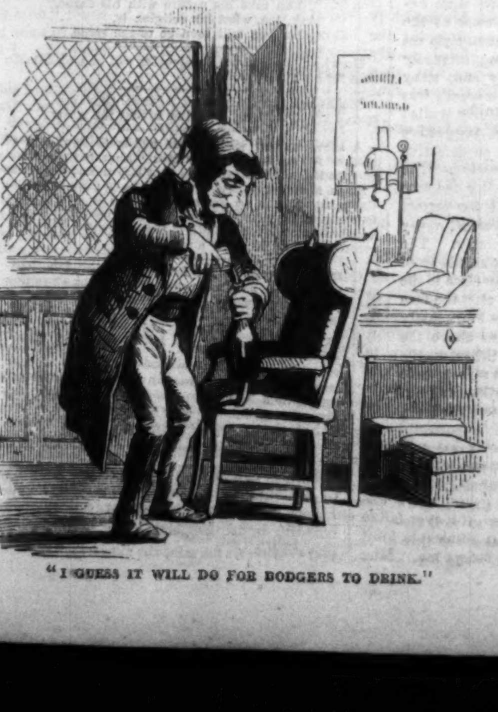
Old Alfred Bodgers, and Ann, his wife,
Every year of their wedded life,
Whenever their birthdays came,
Had a romantic sort of a way
Of making each other presents that day,
Of dresses, or jewels, or game.

His sixtieth birthday being at hand
(For Alfred's days were long in the land,
And, for one so rich, rather pleasant),
His wife, as only a woman can,
Endeavored to fish from her dear good-man
What he would like for a present.

HE...FILLED UP THE VOID WITH CROTON.

But never a nibble the lady got,
For wary old codgers like Bodgers are not
Apt to snap at flies:
So, trusting to luck, she wound up the line,
And ordered a splendid bottle of wine,
To give him a little surprise.

She heard one day, by a happy chance,
Of a famous *merchand de vin* from France,
A Monsieur Hypolite Mery,
Whose stock had won him a notable name,
And, to judge by the price he asked for the same,
It must have been excellent—very!



"I GUESS IT WILL DO FOR BODGERS TO DRINK."

"If you have any Johannisberg left,"
She wrote him, "such as you sold Van Cleft
(He says you've a basket still),
Send a bottle or two, I don't care which—
(It must be from the cellar of Metternich!)
And myself, not Bodgers, the bill."

Now Monsieur Mery—I knew him well—
Was, like his wine, a bit of a sell,
And yet the fellow was able;
He was posted up in vintage and brand,
And could fill your orders, if small, off-hand,
Complete to the very label!

He had brandies of every shade and year,
With prices to suit, but most were dear;
His cheapest wine was Champagne;
His dearest Madeira (the vintage of Mery),
And a wonderful seal of golden sherry,
From his grand chateau (in Spain!).

He knew old Bodgers the millionaire,
And, wishing to please his lady fair
(You may add the "forty" at leisure!),
He summoned his son, and gave him the key,
And told him to go to Number Three
(The bin containing the treasure),

And straightway bring him the bottle he saw.
And, shaking his finger, "Mind, François,
That you don't disturb or shake it;
'Tis real Johannisberg—*real*, I say—
I meant it for Madelaine's wedding-day;
I'll break your neck if you break it!"

Now good François was a trusty youth,
But he had, like myself, a liquorish tooth
(For wine is a thing I dote on!),
So, after watching its bubbles wink,
He drew out the cork and took a drink,
And filled up the void with Croton.

MIKE WENT TO A BRACKISH PUMP HARD BY.

The *marchand* took it, and said "All right!"
And holding the bottle up to the light,
He watched the beads as they rose:
"'Tis a pity," he thought, "to waste so rare
A wine on a gouty millionaire:
I'll try it before it goes."

So ordering François back to his work,
He drew the curtains and drew the cork,
And filled his glass to the brim:
"Parbleu! its flavor is gone, I think,
But I guess it will do for Bodgers to drink:
I'm glad I sold it to *him!*"

Dreaming of orders he filled the flask
With something ardent, out of a cask,
And rubbed his hands with glee:
And charging her man (he had charged her before!),
He told him the precious freight he bore,
And sent it to Mrs. B.

But ill luck never comes single, they say,
For what does Michael do by the way
(Ah, Michael! you needed a basting!),
But draw out the cork, just to give a friend
A smell of the wine: you can guess the end,
From smelling they fell to tasting.

"I don't think much of the Jonnie's bug,
It's a kind of a Hum," said his friend with a shrug,
But they worried half of it down:
Mike went to a brackish pump hard by,
And filling the bottle again on the sly,
Took his tortuous way up town.

He reached the house in Madison Square,
A little the worse for the brick in his hair,
But the bottle being safe and whole,
Nobody noticed his building freak:
The day was hot, and they thought him weak
From walking so far. (Poor soul!)

HE TOLD HIM THE PRECIOUS FREIGHT HE BORE.

"Here, Gretchen, come here!" Mrs. Bodgers cried,
Calling the German cook to her side,
"And put this wine on the ice:
Cool it till dinner; let no one see:
'Tis a birthday present for Mr. B.,
He likes a little surprise."

"Ja wohl! It ish goot!" the Teuton replied,
And, her mistress departed, the bottle eyed—
Such looks! if Bodgers had caught her!
She couldn't resist the wonderful wine,
But drank, and thought (perhaps!) of the Rhine,
And filled it with cistern water!

SHE...FILLED IT WITH CISTERN WATER.

"I've a little surprise for you this year."
"My birthday present: what is it, my dear?"
And the pair exchanged their kisses.
"'Tis something you'll like." "Well: show it to me."
"Here, Alfred, here; did you ever see
Such a bottle of wine as this is?"

He filled a bumper, and tossed it down,
With a stifled oath, and a terrible frown;
Breathing of fire and slaughter—
"You're an excellent woman, Mrs. B.:
But you'd better leave buying the wine to me;
For this is nothing but water."

"BUT YOU'D BETTER LEAVE BUYING THE WINE TO ME."

GOSSIP ABOUT RACHEL.

TWENTY years ago the twenty-fourth of last June, on a hot mid-summer night, a handful of languid people, gathered together in the Théâtre Français, Paris, were startled as if a thunder-bolt had fallen in their midst by the sudden outbreaking of a new tragic actress in the person of a half-childish, thin, not well-looking Jewess. Three years before, in 1835, a well-known French writer saw the child, Eliza Rachel, then playing small parts to small audiences in a small theatre of the suburbs. Here is his account of the interview:

"When we entered the theatre, my friend stopped before a column on which was a smoky lamp, and against which was leaning a meagre, black, scraggy, poverty-stricken little girl, of an aspect more wretched than I can describe. 'Eliza,' quoth the amateur comedian to this child; 'which would you rather have, a cake or fried potatoes?' 'Fried potatoes,' was the reply.

"My friend, who, in playing great characters, had acquired habits of reckless prodigality, drew from his pocket a two-sous piece. Seized with a spirit of emulation, I bestowed a similar coin. The child disappeared, and returned almost immediately bearing a paper horn full of fried potatoes, temptingly hot and brown. She offered the horn to her benefactors, and this was the only time I ever partook of a meal with Mademoiselle Rachel. Young Eliza was to appear in an after-piece—I do not know what one, or in what part. I did not see her: my friend had made such poor work of the part of Danville, I had had quite enough of it. Going home, I inquired who was that miserable little thing. 'That,' said he, 'is a very intelligent but very poor child, as you see. You, who are acquainted with authors and managers, might perhaps get her employment in some theatre to play childish parts; you would thus do her a great favor.'

"But people are not apt to interest themselves in meagre, dark, wretched-looking children, even when they are gifted with intelligence, and the amateur's recommendation was not in the present case more successful than such efforts usually are. When Rachel was no longer in need of assistance, it would have been joyfully proffered."

The early struggles of the future *tragédienne* were not encouraging. She had a fancy for comedy characters—she, who was the soul of tragedy, and of whom it was said, when, in her prime, she again attempted comedy, that she "played with her fan as though it were a dagger." She failed; was advised by an august critic to "go and sell bouquets;" stole an umbrella with the proceeds of the sale of which to buy a second-hand copy of Racine; played even her afterward famous parts for some time to half-empty houses, and with so little effect that Jules Janin, returning to town about this time, heard of her only as a sort of juvenile novelty, and was advised to "go and see the little wretch at least once."

How the "little wretch" proved a "great prodigy;" how she went on from one success to another; how she first ruled the public, and then the theatrical management; the story of her triumphs, caprices, lawsuits, exactions, hasty journeys, and enormous gains; of her long sufferings and her mournful death—all this is sketched with a light and lively hand in the "Memoirs of Rachel, by Madame de B——," just published.* In 1837 she obtained an engagement at 1000 francs (say $200) per year, her chief recommendation being that she was odd and eccentric. She thought this a very satisfactory bargain. At the beginning of 1838 she transferred her allegiance to the Théâtre Français, where she was engaged for three years at $800 per year. "On the 1st of October, 1838, the theatre, completely crammed—every seat having been taken beforehand—drew between 5000 and 6000 francs. The triumphant days of Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, when at the zenith of their fame, were even equaled. The princes of the House of Orleans all came in succession to see the phenomenon. The Duchess testified her approbation by the gift of a bracelet—a gold chain clasped by a cushion bearing a dog. Louis Philippe himself, who never went to any theatre, honored the star by going to see her in the part of *Emilie* in "Cinna." A judicious friend took care that the King should meet the heroine as he passed out. His majesty, taking her trembling hand in his, assured her very kindly that he had been much pleased with her performance, and would be glad to see her again. Bashful and confused in attempting to express her gratitude, Mademoiselle Rachel addressed the King as *Monsieur*. When subsequently reminded of her mistake by her companion, Madame Tousez, she merrily excused it, saying that she was so accustomed to converse with the Greek and Roman monarchs, she had neglected to learn how to speak to those of modern date. On the day after the King's visit to the theatre, a footman in the royal livery brought Mademoiselle Rachel a present of one thousand francs from his majesty. At the same time her engagement of three years at 4000 francs per annum was voluntarily canceled by the grateful committee of management, and renewed at the rate of 8000 francs ($1600) per annum." For the year 1841 she made no less a sum than $18,000.

And yet, until 1843, when she came of age, her father, who shrewdly managed her affairs and took all her earnings, allowed her but sixty dollars per month for her dress, theatrical costumes, and pocket-money! This, though her talent and constant and fatiguing exertions had raised the family to a position which, compared with the one they previously held, was very brilliant; though her younger sisters and her brother were being educated at her expense; and though her money clothed, housed, and fed them all.

"Shortly after she had attained her majority she had gone to Marseilles, where, for one night's performance, she was to receive 3000 francs. On the day after the performance the money was brought to her in a chest. At that time gold was not the common medium of circulation it has since become, and payments, even of large sums, were often made in silver. Rachel was recently emancipated from the parental trammels; she had never had in her own possession any thing like this amount. At sight of this box, full of five-franc pieces, this quantity of money all *hers*, her eyes dilated, and fastened upon it with an intensity that was almost painful to behold: to use her own words, worthy of an actress accustomed to a tragic style, she felt *the ferocious joy of an animal that has the long-wished-for prey within its clutches*. She ordered the box to be placed before her by her bedside, and, plunging her hands into it, kept stirring the silver about.

"'Never,' said she to the person to whom she related this, 'never had I seen so many five-franc pieces together, and all belonging to me.'"

In her mind there seems to have been a constant struggle between liberality and covetousness. "She has frequently been known to ask some of her young friends to dine or take tea with her; when the guest arrived the hostess was gone out. When reproached with her uncivil conduct, she would make some plausible excuse, appoint another day, and renew her breach of word. Exceedingly courteous and kindly in manner, if any thing belonging to her appeared to please her visitor, her first impulse was to offer it, to press it urgently on the acceptance of the person who admired it. If any hesitation was shown, she threatened to send it home to her friend. If the gift so persistently offered was accepted, Rachel's Jew nature regained the ascendency. She repented her prodigal generosity; the bauble she had bestowed became an indispensable necessity, just the thing she could not do without, and she had no rest till she had sent to request it to be returned!"

"At times she met with some resistance in this particular. Obstinate people took her at her word, and made her give what she had promised, or they kept what she had given them. She had a way of saying, if any jewel she wore, or article of *virtu* in her rooms was admired, 'I wish I could offer this to you, but it was a present from the Prince of —— or the Duke of ——, and I can not; you shall, however, have one just like it; I know where to get the mate, and you will give me great pleasure by your acceptance. Oh, you shall, I insist upon it; you would not disoblige me,' etc., etc., etc. This generally took place before a number of persons, and, as the promised present was usually of value, conveyed a high opinion of her generosity to those who did not know her, while it was very annoying to those who did, and were considered the recipients of these generous gifts."

She one day said to a friend who was admiring a very beautifully carved and embroidered chair, "I am glad you like it: it is my work, and you shall have it to remember me."

"You give it to me, then?"

"Certainly, and I shall have it sent to your rooms."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, and shall not trouble you to send it, but, since you are so good as to give it me, shall take it now."

Rachel laughed; it was not an article he could put in his pocket. But the friend knew her, and was resolved not to be fooled. He ran down stairs and was back again in a moment with a *commissionaire*, who bore off the prize.

To Leon de Beauvallet she gave a sabre of fine Turkish workmanship. "She can not ask to have it back," said he, "for I have had a chain put to it."

"On one occasion she announced to her numerous friends and admirers that she had a perfect passion for emeralds, and intended making a collection of those beautiful gems. For this purpose she had already procured a very fine one, which she complacently exhibited to one of the titled sons of fortune who followed in the train of the tragic muse, as the gift of a competitor in the race for her good graces. The appeal was understood and responded to with a contribution of course more valuable than the specimen exhibited, the last gift in turn doing duty as a decoy to draw others, until the collection was as large as it was rich and rare—no one being willing to be outdone by his predecessor. This manœuvre, varied according to the victim played upon, brought into the lady's jewel-casket some thirty or forty of the finest emeralds in Paris, each gem set with more or less magnificence, and some surrounded with brilliants. The following year the whim was for rubies, and finally the lady raised a sapphire tax. When her ingenuity or the generosity of her contributors was exhausted, a jeweler was sent for, to whom the valued and valuable souvenirs were sold for the price that could be obtained—the money was put where it brought in better interest than in its former more brilliant but less profitable shape."

An incessant craving for admiration kept her continually on the alert. *Elle pose toujours* is said by all who know her; that is, she felt always before the foot-lights, and was as desirous of obtaining the praise of the porter at the gate as that of the lord of the chateau. She was one day with her sister Sarah at her house in the valley of Montmorenci while some repairs were being made. As they sat alone together, Rachel remarked how inconvenient stiff skirts were.

"Why do you wear them when we are here alone?" said Sarah.

"Oh dear," cried the *tragédienne*, "I couldn't think of being seen by the workmen so thin and scraggy as I look without a crinoline!"

With her keen eye for money, she made use of her annual vacations to play on her own account in the French provinces. She lost no time—traveled by day and played almost every evening; and none of her troupe durst complain of fatigue while she, the master spirit, could endure. "An old-fashioned, lumbering French stage-coach, comprising the usual divisions of *coupé*, *intérieur*, *rotonde*, *imperial*, *cabriolet*, and *bâche*, was the vehicle provided for the whole journey. In the *coupé*, which was especially appropriated to the chieftainess, a bed was placed, in order to facilitate as much repose as was consistent with a life of perpetual motion; at night spread out for a couch, in the day it was rolled up for a sofa. The princesses, maids of honor, and damsels of her suite occupied the *intérieur*, and disputed the corner seats. The emperors, kings, and lords of high degree had the *rotonde*; the *imperial* was assigned to the confidants and other small fry, who, though not in very enviable seats so far as regarded sleep, had a fine view of the country from their elevated position. Under the *bâche* were stowed away the trunks, boxes, packages, and bundles containing the wardrobe and stage paraphernalia; *Roxane's* dagger, *Cléopâtra's* worm, *Adrienne's* fatal bouquet, and *Judith's* sabre; regal mantles and poisoned cups, crown jewels and bag wigs."

Out of the circle of her own family Rachel was accused of having no consideration for any interest but her own. Some one asking Mademoiselle Judith why she was so severe in her remarks on one who, after all, was a co-religionist of hers, "True," replied the witty actress, "but with a difference: I am a Jewess, but Rachel—Rachel is a Jew!" Yet she always displayed a singular and praise-worthy regard for her relatives. She bore with the selfishness of her father, with the ill-nature of her sisters, with the avarice of Raphael; and she was always kind and respectful to her mother, as this incident will show:

"We were at this epoch in Berlin, and Mademoiselle Rachel, wishing to present some *souvenir* of her gratitude to the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, concluded that the most appropriate thing, as well as the most likely to please the august lady who honored her with her patronage, was a very magnificent copy of Emilie Augier's 'Diane,' a unique copy presented to Rachel by the author, and containing on the fly-leaf some complimentary stanzas to herself. A note was to accompany this *envoi*, and to assist in inditing with due brevity and respect the important epistle I was called into council. While thus engaged, Mademoiselle Rachel, requiring the services of a servant, requested her mother to ring the bell. The old lady arose for that purpose, but not as quickly as the impatient daughter thought necessary, and the latter reiterated rather peremptorily, 'Mais sonnez donc, ma mère.' The old lady stopped short, and, altering her course toward the door, left the room, saying, with the offended dignity of a duchess, 'Sonnez vous même, ma fille.' Rachel made no reply, but when the note was dispatched, hastened to her mother's room to apologize, and entreat her forgiveness of her imperious behavior."

During her progress through Germany an old woman, dressed in the Sunday garb of the lower classes, made inquiry at the hotel where the celebrated actress was stopping, saying that she had been told her niece, Mademoiselle Rachel Felix, was there, and she wished to see her. She was referred to Rose, the waiting-maid, who took her in to her mistress. Far from manifesting the annoyance of a *parvenu* at this claim of relationship put forth by one in such poor circumstances, the niece was extremely kind to her peasant aunt, made her stop and dine with her, and invited her to be with her while she was in town, and when she left settled upon her a sum which, in that country, was amply sufficient to make her comfortable for her life.

During her long and severe illness, it is said the fated woman clung despairingly to life. We have all read the story how, a week before her death, to the never-failing request for her autograph, she replied, "Ah! you do well to ask for it now; it will soon be too late." She then wrote on a sheet of paper, "In a week from now I shall begin to be food for worms, and for writers of biographies. RACHEL." The visitor, shocked at so sinister an anticipation, wished to decline the autograph, but she pushed it toward him, saying, "Take it, take it; it will, perhaps, be the last thing I shall ever write." It was not, in fact, the last. On the 22d of December she did write, though with great difficulty, a letter to a very distinguished personage, and dated it 1st of January, 1858, accounting for her so doing in these words: "I post-date this letter. . . . . . I feel as though the doing so will make me live till then." And she did outlive her date, though but for three days.

We will close our extracts from Madame de B——'s volume with the following minute detail of Rachel's features and person:

"The head was perfectly shaped, rather small, rather broad, not high, and covered with dark chestnut hair, neither thick nor thin, but beautifully fine, soft, and silky. The brow, endowed with such extraordinary power of expression, was prominent and wide, but low; her eyebrows were exquisitely drawn; the eyes, the same color as the hair, were neither large nor small, but so deep set that they had the appearance of being intensely black; they were fringed with very long silky lashes. The mouth, neither large nor small, was filled with teeth all perfect and beautifully white; the under lip was long and thick, not suggestive of sulks, but of storms, and, though so defective in point of beauty, extremely expressive. The nose was beautiful, the curve indicating the race very slightly inclining the tip; but it was perfect in its proportions, with thin, transparent, veiny nostrils. The chin was small and pretty. The delicate little ear was compared by a soft-hearted *bon vivant* to an Ostend oyster, and lay close to the head. From the tip of the ear to the chin the face was a long oval. The skin was fair and extremely delicate. In size, Rachel was rather above the middle height; her figure had the litheness, the grace, the flexibility of a reed, and, in repose, gave the impression of a very delicate constitution; but when she was acting an energetic part, the long, slight arms seemed to change to steel, so powerful was the character of inflexibility they presented. The hands, which were rather pretty, were objects of continual care and solicitude with Mademoiselle Rachel; her feet might have served as models to a modern Praxiteles. The limbs were so well fastened on, the shoulders so graceful, that the thinness of the figure was hardly noticed. The peculiar shape of the chest, however, almost amounted to a deformity: the breast-bone was like a fowl's, bony, projecting sharply, ungraceful to the eye. The defect was not at all perceptible either in theatrical costume or ordinary dress; the folds of the peplum and tunic in the first quite concealed it, and the skill of the dress-maker in the latter was no less successful."

* *Memoirs of Rachel*, by MADAME DE B——. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858.

WIFE AND QUEEN.

HERE are lilies pale and dewy,
Vermil roses lush and rare,
Twine them, sweet, with fragrant fingers,
In your lustrous bands of hair.

Crowned with aureoles of flowers,
Rule me with a royal mien,
For to-day, oh white-armed vestal,
You shall be my jeweled Queen!

But to-morrow, sweet, to-morrow,
I shall weave, with trembling care,
Myrtle leaves and orange blossoms
For your braids of shining hair.

And in affluent flush of passion,
Tingling with the happy smart,
Love and loyalty shall crown you
Wife and Queen of our rich heart.

But as words are ever faithless,
Pout your rosy lips to mine;
Kisses only seal betrothals—
Kisses are the pledge of thine.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"PAT, buy a trunk to put your clothes in," said his Yankee companion. "What, an' go naked this cold weather?" asked the honest spalpeen of Killarney.

An Irishman in France was drinking with some company who proposed the toast, "The land we live in!" "Ay, with all my sowl, me dear," said he: "Here's poor ould Ireland!"

A crabbed fellow says, that he always looks under the marriage head for the news of the *weak*.

"I see the villain in your face," said a Western Judge to a prisoner. "May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

Ossian says, "I cried, my fathers, where are they? and echo answered *Where?*" We wonder if echo had an obstruction in her throat that she couldn't finish the answer.

"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire. "Oh yes, I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

A chap sought shelter of a Boston officer. "See, Cap'n, first my father died, and my mother married again; an' then my mother died, and my father married again; an' somehow or other, some way I don't seem to have no parent at all, nor no home, nor no nothing."

A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does the truth, oh friend; but, winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently, and then, perhaps, scratches.

"Boy," said a traveler to a disobedient youth whom he encountered, "don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh y-a-a-s," replied the youth, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither; and 'twixt she and I we've about got the dog so he don't."

A gentleman who has a scolding wife, in answer to an inquiry after her health, said she was pretty well, only subject at times to a "breaking out in the mouth."

TEMPERANCE ODE.

Says Tom to Ned, "Your wife's a shrew,
And pray do tell me how you do
To be so jovial the year through?"
Says Ned to Tom, "I never bicker;
But when she scolds, *I up and liquor!*"

"Oh, Mr. Hill," said one of Rev. Rowland Hill's hearers, "how is it that you say such out-of-the-way things in your sermons?"—"Ah!" said the eccentric divine, "how is it that you are such out-of-the-way sinners?"

If you want an economical and comfortable smoke, take a piece of sponge three-quarters of an inch square (in a dry state), make a small hole through the centre, then steep it in water until it becomes distended, squeeze the water out, and put the stem of the pipe through the hole until the bowl comes in contact with the centre of the sponge. Charge the pipe, and fill the sponge with cold water; then commence smoking, and it will be found that a saving of twenty-five per cent. in tobacco is effected, with an improvement in the flavor.

"Why do you drive such pitiful looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a traveler to an Irish car driver. "A heavier coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

Maid, choosing man, remember this;
You take his nature with his name.
Ask, too, what his religion is,
For you will soon be of the same.

He who feels his own deficiencies will be a charitable man for his own sake.

Riches are the baggage of virtue: they can not be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.

A schoolmaster, wishing his pupils to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated it thus: "Here is an apple—you see it, and therefore know that it is there; but when I place it under this tea-cup, you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it." The lads seemed to understand perfectly; and the next time the master asked them, "What is faith?" they answered with one accord, "An apple under a tea-cup."

General Lee once found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before the glass. "Cutting," said he, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" "Why," replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth."

"Massa says you must sartain pay de bill to-day," says a negro to a New Orleans shopkeeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I'm going to run away; is he?" was the reply. "Not e'zatly dat, but shes," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwine to run away heself, and darfor wants to make a big raise!"

A young lady lately turned Catholic. A day or two ago her little cousin, a naughty boy, who plays in the streets, came running in to his mother, crying: "Oh, Ma! Kate has taken St. Catherine for her patron saint!" "What's a patron saint, dear?" "Oh, how green! Don't you know? Why, it's the saint she *runs with*."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, August* 16, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 14, 1858	$4,856,140....	$1,046,882
Corresponding week, 1857	5,745,107....	1,211,111
Decrease this year.....	$888,967	$164,229

The export of specie was small, amounting only to $440,728, while there was an arrival of $1,082,000 from California.

Money continues to rule at unprecedentedly low rates. We quote three per cent. as the rate among the brokers, and four to four and a half for first class, short-dated, mercantile paper. Foreign exchange is somewhat lower than it was last week; we quote bankers' bills, at sixty days on London, at 109¾ @ ⅞, on Paris, 5.11¼ @ 5.13. The banks are likely to show five to six millions less specie this week, in consequence of the payments into the sub-treasury for the government loan.

Stocks have been very dull throughout the week, and prices have receded a shade. It is hoped that the differences existing between the Erie and the Central will shortly be adjusted, in which case it is expected that railway stocks generally will rally.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, August* 16, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been sparingly supplied with really desirable lots of Flour. The demand for such has been good. Prices have improved 15 @ 20 c. per barrel. Wheat has been actively inquired for at firmer rates, including White at $1 12 @ $1 56 per bushel. Corn has been freely offered and purchased at reduced figures. Mixed Western, unsound to prime, at 70 @ 85 c. per bushel. Rye and Oats have been in fair request at buoyant prices....Cotton has been quiet, and has declined ⅛ c. per pound....Provisions have been in moderate demand; Hog Products closed heavily; other articles steadily....Coffee, Teas, and Molasses have been inactive, while Sugars and Rice have been more sought after....Hay has been freely dealt in at uniform rates....Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds have been in limited request at previous quotations....Tobacco and Wool have been in good demand....Other branches of trade are essentially unaltered.

Stocks of several Articles in New York about August 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	1,105	1,233
Cotton, bales	39,736	37,998
Dyewoods, tons	2,924	3,310
Hemp, tons	313	183
Hemp, bales	11,677	16,277
Pork, barrels	34,407	38,132
Beef, tierces and barrels	18,927	9,456
Lard, barrels	—	10,000
Rice, tierces	2,046	6,235
Rice, bags	—	253
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	6,925	10,326
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.	59,365	41,184

Freights were depressed, and rates favored shippers. —For Liverpool—Cotton, ⅛d. per pound; Flour, 1s. per barrel; Grain, 2½d. @ 3d. per bushel; Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 847.

The LIVE STOCK MARKETS last Wednesday were steady for Beeves, which were in fair supply and demand....Milch Cows continued scarce and quiet....Veal Calves were dull and heavy....Sheep and Lambs were abundant and depressed....Swine were more freely offered than they were needed, and prices tended downward.

The Country Produce Markets have exhibited less activity. Potatoes are even more plenty, and are cheaper. Most other articles are abundant, and generally favor buyers.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Blackberries, per bushel	2 25	@	3 00
" New Rochelle, per quart	25	@	—
Huckleberries, per bushel	2 25	@	2 75
Apples, new, per barrel	1 50	@	4 50
Pears, " "	1 50	@	5 00
Peaches, per basket	1 00	@	3 00
String Beans, per bushel	25	@	37
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 25	@	2 25
Onions, new, per barrel	1 75	@	2 25
" " per 100 strings	3 00	@	—
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	—
Cabbage, new, per 100	1 50	@	6 00
Squashes, per bushel	25	@	50
Green Corn, per 100 ears	25	@	75
Watermelons, per 100	14 00	@	25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Tomatoes, per bushel	62½	@	87½
Cucumbers, per 100	25	@	50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	12	@	13
Eggs, Western, per dozen	10	@	—
Chickens, per pair	37	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 50	@	4 25
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	1 00	@	1 50
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen	2 00	@	—

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